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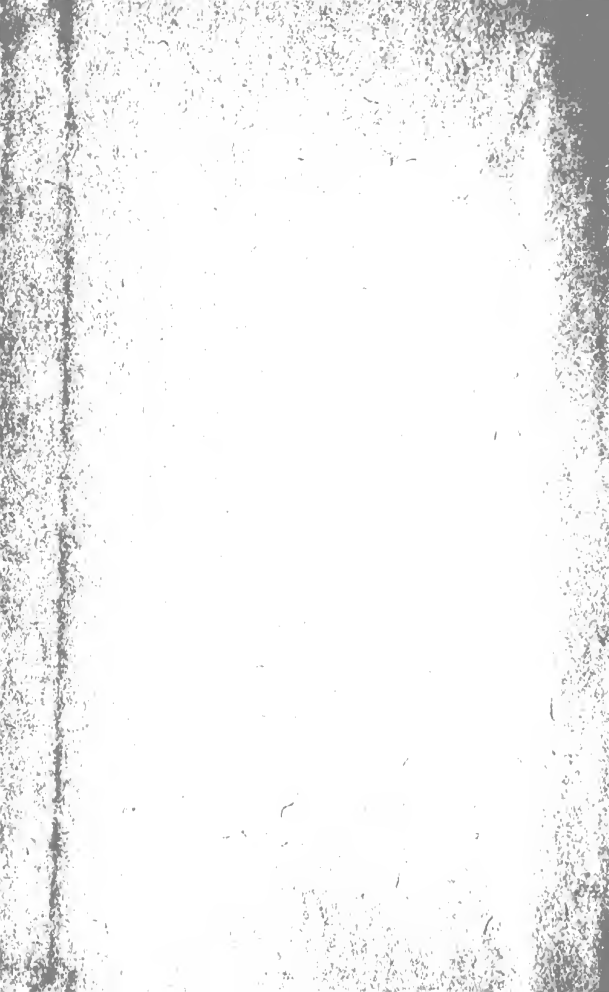
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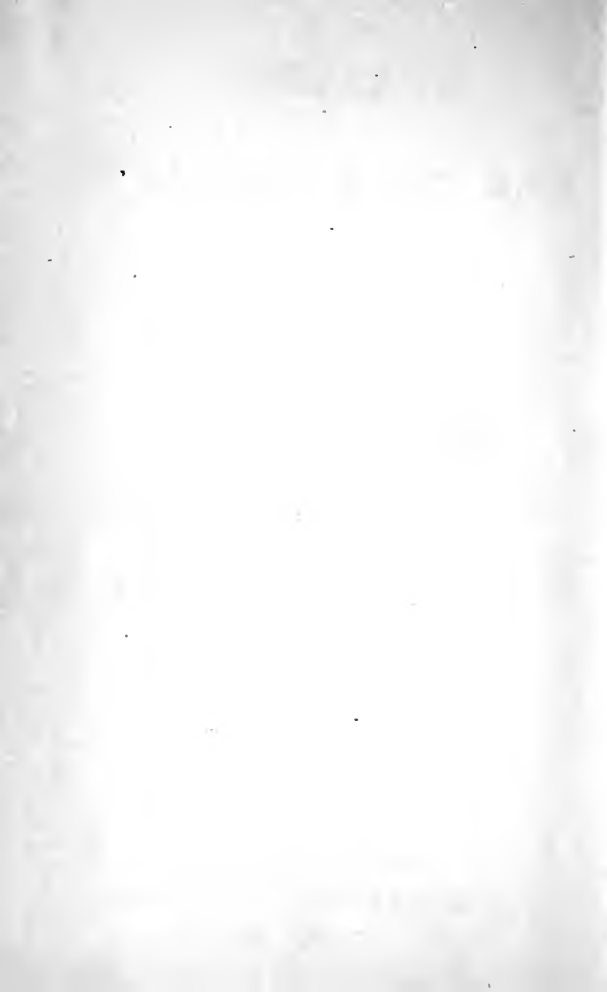
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HAMILTON, ✓
THE YOUNG ARTIST.

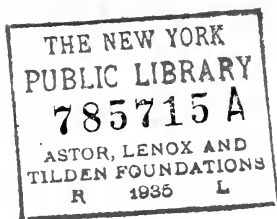
BY
AUGUSTA BROWNE. ✓

—
"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."
—

WITH AN
Essay on Sculpture and Painting,

BY
HAMILTON A. C. BROWNE.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1857. 1

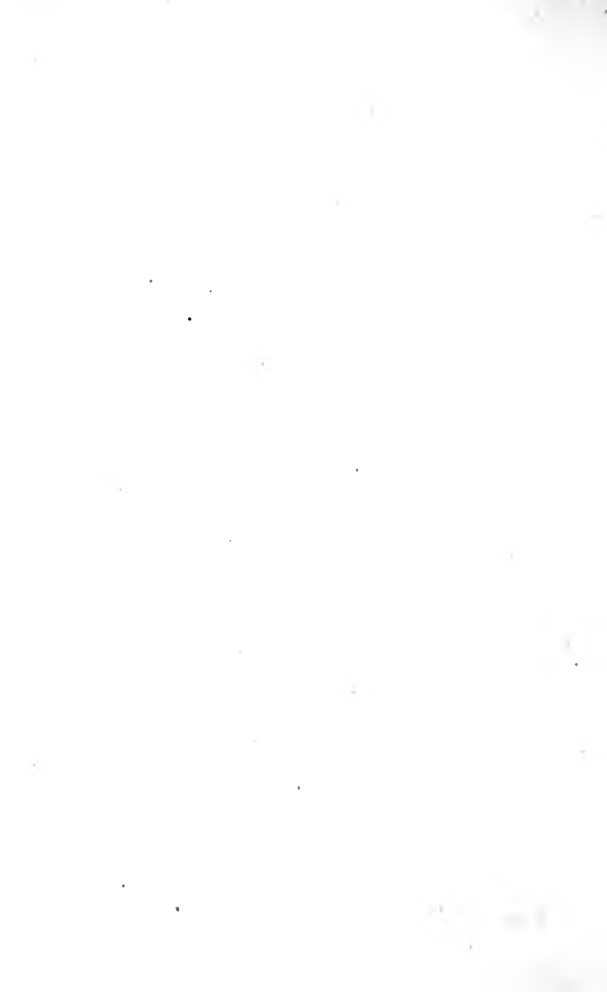


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TO THE
Members and Students
OF THE
New York National Academy of Design,
THIS LITTLE MEMORIAL
OF A
Late Student in that Institution,
IS,
BY THEIR KIND ACCEPTANCE,
VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.

W 0 R 20 JUN 34



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CÆLUM ET TERRA.

BY

AUGUSTA BROWNE.

ONE year in heaven! since, from its prisoning clay,
Thy soul exultant winged its upward way,
Sprang to embrace the waiting seraph throng,
And entered heaven's high courts with a triumphal song

One year on earth! since we, the funeral knell
Tolling* sad welcome, laid thy form to dwell
Mid summer's wreathing-blossoms, dust to dust,
To slumber till the resurrection of the just.

One year in heaven! O spirit early crowned
With bays immortal! thou thy rest hast found
Where flow'rs perennial bloom, and waters flow,
Whoso that quaffeth of them, thirst no more shall know.

*The funeral-bell at the entrance of Greenwood Cemetery.

One year on earth ! in loneliness and tears
With us the days have crept, blent with dark fears,
And doubts, and brooding gloom, lest the pure bliss
Supernal thou dost bask in, haply we should miss.

One year in heaven ! the conqueror's waving plume
Is in thine hand, and youth's rich purpling bloom
Tints thy fair cheek, while o'er each vernal height,
And perfumed vale thou rovest, in uniform of light.

One year on earth ! O spirit best beloved,
Our home's dear star, though far from us removed,
Dost thou yet think on us ? or in that clime
Of happiness supreme, keep they no note of time ?

One year in heaven ! what priceless gems of thought
And mystic lore thy eager soul hath sought,
And seeking, found,—and finding, decked the crown,
Adoring cast in blaze refulgent at His Throne.

One year on earth ! thy presence is allwhere :
Thy pictures, books, each object once thy care,
We dream-like view, till, with a shuddering start,
Thy dying words and smile come rushing o'er the heart.

One year in heaven ! we wrong thee by our grief,
More meet were praise ; thy mortal toil was brief,
Thy warfare light, the victory bestowed,
Was through thy Sovereign's loving grace, thy Saviour, God.

One year on earth ! why should we envy thee,
O blessed youth ! thy early rest, when we
Nurse the fond hope, that, time's wild struggle o'er,
We shall with rapture greet thee on the Sabbath shore.

One year in heaven ! thine artist's soul is now
Filled with deep beauty vainly sought below ;
And many a gorgeous dream, a vision grand,
Glow's into semblance bright, by ambient zephyrs fanned.

One year on earth ! O early loved and lost !
Still pity us, on life's fierce ocean tossed :
Be *thou* the sweet-souled guardian angel given
To guide us to the skies when earth's last link is riven !



HAMILTON, THE YOUNG ARTIST

CHAPTER I.

“That life is long, which answers life’s great end.”
Young.

THE records of a brief earthly existence, on which the blossoms of but twenty summers have bloomed and faded, can scarcely be expected to abound in stirring incident, or variety of detail; the more especially, when such a life has been engrossed in quiet artistic study, and anticipatory education for a career of usefulness and honour. To those, however, who love to watch the workings of Providence, it may not be altogether void of instruction or interest to trace the gradual development of one immortal germ implanted by the Almighty hand, from its earliest budding, up to the period when, a vigorous and beautiful plant, flourishing in luxuriant promise of future fruitfulness, it is prematurely mown down by that inexorable reaper, whose mission it is to gather into the garner of the grave the whole human harvest.

The life of a very youthful artist furnishes but little available material for biography beyond that supplied by the tender and cherished remembrances of affection. In this respect, the poet or writer has a vast advantage, inasmuch as his works may accompany his memoir, and thus illustrate, without the necessity of further elucidation, his peculiar talent or strength. But to the musician or painter such privilege is denied, for he labours under the disadvantage that, the exhibition of his genius and powers being impracticable according to the common routine of publication, his merits cannot, therefore, receive their just meed of examination, and, consequently, of appreciation.

More for the sake, then, of example, than with the desire of eulogizing an object deeply beloved, this unassuming memorial of my brother is sketched, in the fervent hope that his active though short probationary course, and his happy departure to the realms of eternal light and intelligence, may prove successful precedents in alluring the hearts of others, who, fresh in youthful buoyancy and ardour, are about entering upon the race-ground of life, to strive for the same noble goal which he has early gained, that they also may each grasp a crown of unwithering verdure.

Alexander Hamilton Coates Browne was born in the city of New York, June 24th, 1830, very near the period of the famous Three Days of the Louis

Philippe revolution. Being the youngest of a large circle of brothers and sisters, the majority of whom have since, in early youth, been transplanted to bloom "in the fair gardens of the second birth," he immediately became the pet lamb of the flock, the star of our childish hopes and ambitions; and warmly did his affectionate nature reciprocate the wealth of love so fervently lavished upon him.

He early evinced a decided love for music, and through its delightful medium, as soon as able to lisp, he was taught Dr. Watts's incomparable hymns and lyrics for children, which were by this means indelibly impressed on his tender memory. Many and many a time has his small voice been heard from top to bottom of the house, zealously chanting them in full variety, and ringing the changes, from the beautiful cradle-hymn, "Hush, my dear," through the repertory, to "How doth the little busy bee," the industry of which tiny individual awakened his untiring emulation. This passion for music continued unabated until his latest day. In all his babyish tribulations, music was a solace and soother, and, no matter how tired or drowsy he might be, it was next to impossible to persuade him to close his eyes until he had first joined in the evening hymn.

His infantile beauty was remarkable; and wherever he went, his bright sunny smile, large violet eyes, pure complexion of rose and lily, and intellec-

tual cast of countenance attracted an admiration, which his sweet, modest disposition, on closer acquaintance, warmed to love. The unconscious instrument of a shock he was once to the celebrated Colonel Aaron Burr, who called at our house one day when Hamilton was a little creature, just beginning to run about. He happened to take some notice of the child, when my father, without the least reflection, called him to him, and presented him to the duellist with, "This is *Alexander Hamilton*, sir!" At the name of his victim, Burr started violently, but papa, not seeming to observe his perturbation, immediately added that his son had been named after some relatives. Hamilton, in after years, finding his initials too numerous for professional use, dropped that of *Alexander* entirely. This is mentioned simply to account for the variations in his signature.

In 1833, my father was obliged to visit Toronto, U. C., on business, and purposing to remain there for some length of time, the family accompanied him. While there, Hamilton received the sacred rite of baptism in the Episcopal church of St. James; and as the elder children attended day-school, he was permitted to go with them, more, however, by way of amusement than with any serious idea of his profiting by instruction. But there was no trifling about his resolute little spirit; he applied himself heartily to learn, and, before he had attained the age

of four years, could read fluently. He was always a pet pupil with his instructors for his docility, and one day came racing home from school in high glee: "Mamma, teacher says I am the *goodest* little boy in the whole school!" The city of Toronto is situated on the beautiful Lake Ontario, and along its shores lay our favourite Sunday-evening stroll, after divine service was over. Every habit, even the minutest, of infancy and childhood, has a telling influence on future life; and it may have been that the continual ranging of his eye over its blue amplitude of waters, fostered in his imagination the inherent love of sublimity which tinged every action and sentiment of his riper years. In the following year, the family returned to the United States, to Boston, where we had been formerly resident; and while on this journey, Hamilton had a remarkable preservation from death. As he, with a brother, was walking around the deck of a barge, which lay blocked in between the wharf and the steamboat in which we had recently arrived, singing, as usual, one of his nursery-hymns, they both suddenly disappeared. No sooner were they missed than the startling cry was raised, "Children overboard!" One gentleman prepared to plunge into the dock in quest of them; others flew confusedly hither and thither; but one, more self-possessed, thought of looking down into the hold of the vessel, and there he discovered them at the bottom, clasped in each other's arms, to all

appearance dead. With some difficulty, they were lifted out, insensible, and found to be considerably injured, Hamilton especially, who was bleeding profusely; for, having fallen across a large bar of iron, his tongue was cut half-through, and there was on his chin a deep gash, from which a small scar always remained.

A few months after this accident, he took a severe cold which merged into inflammation of the lungs, at which time his term of mortal existence seemed so irrevocably summed up, that his mother, unable to endure the sight of his passing agonies, retired from the room. Soon she thought she recognised the voice supposed to be for ever mute, breathing in solemn tones, and, softly re-entering, beheld the dear babe with his dimpled hands upraised, in earnest supplication. First he repeated the Lord's Prayer twice over, and then proceeded to pray for dear papa and mamma, that God would bless them, and himself, too, and that he would make him a good and dutiful child. Having finished his petitions, he sank into a tranquil slumber, and out of it awoke free from danger. At the first announcement of his unhopèd-for convalescence, a charming little domestic episode was enacted. Another little brother, the one nearest him in age, who had kept long and anxious watch outside the chamber-door for tidings, came sidling bashfully into the room, until he caught a glimpse of the invalid's face, which beaming recog-

nition, he shouted, "Baby's well! baby's well!" rushed up to the bedside, and, fixing his dark eyes, dancing and brimming over with joy, on his, stared as if in a state of fascination, until the two, unable longer to restrain the outgushing sympathies of their innocent hearts, struck up a duet of such boisterous mirth that the effect was contagious.

Without a doubt, numerous incidents of this description abound in every family where there are children, deriving their sole value from association; and this also would be too unimportant for mention, were it not that the veriest trifles in which they bore a part, are now doubly endeared to us by the recent bereavement of these beloved boys—each at the interesting age of twenty years; who were again, we trust, united with the freshness of infantile love, in their heavenly Father's kingdom, within a brief interval of only fourteen months.

While they continued children, these little fellows generally passed to the eyes of strangers for twins, being of the same size, and always dressed alike; but from the age of nine or ten years, the resemblance in person and mind grew less striking and apparent. Washington, whose large and robust frame fitted him for physical exertion, directed by his tastes, concentrated his attention on mechanics and machinery, which he was ever curiously prying into and endeavouring to imitate. Often was it jestingly hinted that it would be well if, in some

of his future experiments, he did not invent a machine which should blow up or capsize the world. Hamilton, of more slight and elegant make, dedicated himself with full ardour of soul to the pursuit of the fine arts.

Ah ! what a proud night was that, when, after assiduous, though by no means calm and unexcited drilling, on the part of the teacher and pupils, the boys achieved the performance on the piano-forte of that by-too-far-popular melody, "The Swiss Boy." Not long before his melancholy death, I overheard poor Washington playing it with something of the old zest. He loved music greatly, and I think I never heard him express more enthusiastic pleasure at any thing than he did after listening one evening at a concert to the *Marche Marocaine*, instrumented by Berlioz. Although he had the most sonorous voice in the family, the name of "Bird" was bestowed upon him, and Hamilton answered to the soubriquet of "Muff." Quietly these boys now repose side by side in their early graves.

The Vacant Chair.

OUR tears are falling fast for thee,
Thou, in thy low grave sleeping;
Thou, who art early laid to rest,
And canst not know our weeping.

Where art thou? ah! that vacant chair
A mournful tale is telling;
A tale of wo, that in our hearts
Shall evermore be knelling.

We miss thee in our daily paths,
Amid the household greeting;
When tones of tender love are breathed,
When friend with friend is meeting.

We miss thee when the orient king
Bursts through the mists of morning;
When zephyrs wake the slumbering buds,
To welcome day's returning.

We miss thee when the queen of eve
Glides o'er her sweet dominion;
When blossoms droop, and wearied birds
Speed high on westward pinion.

Where is thy home? beyond the stars
That gleam in liquid brightness?
Or 'mid those clouds of gorgeous hues
That float in lustrous lightness?

Or higher : in the cycle vast
Of worlds concentric moving ;
'Mid orbs whose bright transcendent blaze
Eternal power is proving ?

A nobler home is thine, I ween,
And thine a purer waking,—
When, from its veil of clay, thy soul,
Chrysalis-like, was breaking.

We hope, with yonder white-robed throng
Before the Throne thou'rt bowing,
The bloom of immortality
Upon thy brow soft glowing.

* * * * *

Sad autumn leaves sweep o'er thy bed,
Low winds thy dirge are chanting,
Fit requiem for the buried hopes
Which memory's cell are haunting.

Sleep on : ere long, around thy couch
Shall violets sweet be springing,
While o'er thee, in the rustling boughs,
Wild, joyous birds are singing.

* * * * *

Oh, bitter grief ! oh, dark regrets !
He may not heed our calling ;
Oh, vacant chair ! oh, home bereft !
Vain, vain our tears fast falling.

Our most grateful reminiscences are those of early, of sweet, trusting childhood. Amid the inevitable trials and heart-burnings of after-life, the memory of its halcyon days sweeps athwart our minds, laden with the revivifying aroma of southern parterres. We wander back to the time when the home-circle closed around the cheerful hearth at fall of even, and the rosy, dimpled cheeks flushed deeper, and the roguish eyes sparkled brighter, with the mirth that came bubbling up from hearts free of care or foreboding: when, at bedtime, the simple prayer lisped at the parent's knee, and the good-night smile given, we lay down to slumber in our cosy crib, secure in the trust that the kind Father who takes care of the unfledged nestlings would also watch over us during the silent hours of darkness. Those were pleasant times, too, when, snugly wrapped in trappings warm, we gayly sauntered forth with shining morning faces, hand-in-hand, bound for the temple of learning, confident of receiving, were strict justice meted out, a well-earned reward from the puissant presiding priestess for the fluently-recited task so garrulously conned over the night previous. Those were the green spots floated by in the stream of life.

But such blissful days remain not; old Time, the inexorable, with every sail of his eternity-bound craft spread to the wind, sweeps on, scattering alike before his iron prow both joys and sorrows, and the circle narrows;—for the autocrat archer Death, who ever

follows swiftly in his wake, has, as he passed along, singled out, with shaft unerring, one after another of the household band, until we find ourselves, often mayhap before even the meridian of life, solitary and bereft, with naught on which to anchor our floating affections save a memory,—a foundered love. The bounding step no more springs over the threshold to meet us, and we hearken in vain for the joyous, ringing laugh and the birdlike carol that saluted us of yore.

The most difficult phenomenon to be comprehended by the mind of a child is death. He, sporting amid the buds and flowers of spring, dreams not of the sere and sombre foliage of autumn. He cannot be brought to realize that the light of the beaming eye, whose loving glance he had been wont to seek, is forever quenched; that the music of the familiar voice, whose every tone breathed melody to his ear, is forever hushed; and that the living, moving form to which he fondly clung for protection and support, is, motionless and rigid, to be forever hidden from his sight, until the first look at the gaping grave—most significant, in its dark silence, of the ultimate destiny of all—reveals in chilling distinctness the awful truth.

Such was the experience of Hamilton. When he was five years old a sister died. At first he did not appear to notice that any thing unusual had occurred; nor, indeed, until he saw the coffin lowered into the earth, and heard the harsh rattling of the clay upon

it. But then his feelings were aroused, and he hastened home to conceal himself in a retired room, where, after long search, he was discovered in a passion of grief, sobbing out, when his friends endeavoured to soothe him, "Oh, she loved me so!" Through his whole life he could never bear to entertain the remotest idea of the grave, and invariably shunned any allusion to it.

From the time that he learned to read, he might usually be found ensconced in a retired nook or corner, with a book, poring over its contents, and making them his own. There was a favourite proverb of his, which he acted on, and which he used frequently to quote for the benefit of those lazy ones who would rather ask questions than take the trouble to search for themselves: "Read, and you will know." Rarely were childish or merely amusing books his choice; but histories, travels, the earlier poets, and particularly the writings of the distinguished essayists of the last century. It was sometimes very laughable to behold a pigmy like him trudging on in the track of the gigantic Doctor Johnson, plunging with him into floods of magnificent metaphor, wading through quagmires of abstruse paradox, and scrambling over, with imperturbable gravity, his sonorous and lofty sentences, insisting sturdily, all the while, that he understood lucidly every word he read.

The sterling dignity of thought deducible from the study of such writers was of inestimable value

to him in forming his character; and he carried it into his boyish relations with amusing effect. But it was productive of this happy result,—that it preserved him from the evil of idle and mischievous companions, who generally avoid and stand in wholesome awe of a censor. On one occasion, while quite a small boy, being solicited by some schoolmates to accompany them to a place where they had all been expressly forbidden to go, Hamilton promptly declined. They continued to urge him, telling him that, as his parents and teachers could never find it out, he need not be afraid. “No!” quoth he, with an air of hauteur worthy an emperor, “but I respect myself;” and that sentiment of independent honour was the governing rule of his entire conduct.

He had a brisk talent for repartee, too. “You are a gentleman, sir!” said papa to him one day when he had acquitted himself unusually well.

“I am better than that; I am the *son* of a gentleman!” replied young Hamilton.

Philadelphia became the abode of the family for a few years, where he had the advantage of attending an excellent school, and developed a sound capacity for acquiring the fundamental branches of education. Arithmetic especially—a study singularly calculated to regulate and balance the thinking faculties, as well as give a perfect equilibrium to the moral principles—he excelled in. After the age of ten years, his studies were conducted at home.

During this period, Hamilton, with our only surviving sister—a girl who gave promise of becoming a clever musician, but who has since been called to a better exercise of her talents, after passing through the dark valley with the undismayed calm of a Christian—and two brothers, were diligent members of the Sabbath-school attached to St. Stephen's church. Between them and their excellent teachers an affectionate understanding existed, an interest which was frequently manifested on the side of the superiors by gifts of instructive books; valued tokens, since carefully preserved.

The predominant bent of his mind began to be discernible at six or seven years of age. About that time, a juvenile biography of Benjamin West fell into his hands; and awakened in him such an unquenchable enthusiasm for painting, that it seemed as if, from that moment, his future path in life was clearly disclosed. Well do I remember that little book: it was embellished with a picture, no doubt a mere fancy portrait of the boy-artist, curly-headed, and gaze-inspired; but, whether real or ideal, the united charms of relation and lineament were irresistible, and took Hamilton fairly captive. After scanning the volume rapidly through, he ran to mamma, having previously been much struck with some drawings of her own which she had shown him, and begged that she would instruct him, that he might be enabled to execute something himself.

She, accordingly, to humour him, gave him an occasional lesson, on which he improved so rapidly, that thenceforth nearly all the moments he could economize from his school exercises were devoted, with an avidity utterly irrepressible, to the study of the beautiful art, the genius for which was in him unquestionably innate. He was born to be an artist.

May it not be a reason for the oftentimes infelicity of occupation we observe among men, and the languor and indifference they exhibit in their everyday pursuits, that the early predilections of the child have been disregarded and unnoticed by his guardians in the selection of profession for the coming man? they not considering that the earliest dream of the heart is essentially the brightest—that the first chord struck in the soul will vibrate the true harmony—and that, in the first vein opened in the mind may, if carefully traced out, be found the pure golden ore, which, when duly refined and polished, will enrich with wealth inestimable, not only its possessor, but all whom he may attract within his orbit.

The soul of an artist must ever remain an unsolved enigma to mere unreflecting worldlings. To them his most ardent hopes—his most desponding fears—his pleasures, his pains—his aspirations, his depressions—nay, even his most precious works—seem but idle fantasies and unavailable dreams. Their coarser idiosyncrasies cannot comprehend nor follow the

flight of his genius as it soars exultingly upward in a bold circling sweep, to pluck a few blossoms from trees that never fade, or catch a strain of melody melting from seraph voices, with which to return and bless our dull earth. His ever-varying moods they designate sheer waywardnesses, and the springs of his joys and sorrows incomprehensible vagaries. To them, yonder glowing canyas, on which the painter has striven with eager toil to portray a shadow of the paradisaical beauty which ever and anon dawns on and irradiates his ideal vision, is merely a mass of colours, embodying not a thought superior; and the noble musical composition, the echo-notes of heavenly harmonies which have burst upon the spiritual ear of the musician, thrilling him even to ecstasy, awakens within their stolid bosoms not a solitary throb. The Spirit of Beauty is to them but an aerial phantom, misleading, ignis-fatuus-like, her worshippers.

But, by the thoughtful, earnest searchers into nature's mysteries, those choicest gifts of God, the Fine Arts, are regarded with becoming reverence—reverence mingled with adoring gratitude for the rich decorations which He hath bounteously vouchsafed the world, through the medium of the genius thus bestowed upon the souls of his more favoured children; for those sparks of his own immortal fire, those celestial coals which from time to time have kindled and glowed upon altars of clay, fitting bea-

cons to light the pilgrims of Zion on their way to the eternal city. Alas ! that this sacred fire should ever be suffered to grow dim through inappreciation, or be desecrated by subserviency to ignoble uses ; for surely the recipients thereof will be accounted among those servants who have each been intrusted with the stewardship of *ten* talents, and of which a strict reckoning will be required at the day of final account.

A source of unfeigned sorrow it must ever be, on looking over the chronicles of departed genius, to mark how comparatively few of even her more munificently gifted children have employed their talents worthily. Often, the star which arose in splendour above the infant cradle of a mighty soul, after tracking with gradually paling ray his devious course through every avenue of sin and dishonour, has suddenly sunk in sullen darkness behind his untimely grave. Raffaele, Byron, Shelley, and poor Burns, among a host uncountable, may be cited as melancholy instances of the fate of genius unsanctified.

But all are not thus as the lost Pleiad. Heaven has received into its radiant assemblage a goodly number of those whose natal stars, instead of being quenched in the foul sea of oblivion, have sped upward with them, to sparkle with more resplendent lustre upon their brows forever. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the first query usually put by a child concerning a favourite hero, or other idol of his imagination,

is the one of most serious moment, "Was he a good man?" and that, should the answer be in the negative, from that instant the idol totters upon its lofty pedestal, never to regain its former footing. Nor is it less significant that the first reflection springing up in the mind of every thinking person, although not always given honest voice to, on learning the demise of a distinguished character, is almost invariably of the same import, "I wonder how he died." This anxiety not only goes far to prove that the knowledge of right and wrong is intuitive in every breast, but also that the ultimate welfare of the soul is considered, by even the flagrantly reckless and irreligious, as paramount to all other things. Among my own earlier recollections, is the regret I experienced in the supposition that the great Handel had not been, or at least not practically, a pious man, and that consequently he could not be an inhabitant of the heavenly country. To believe that the author of such sublime works—works meet to elevate the spirit of a devout listener to solemn delight, should have become an outcast from happiness; *he* be excluded from all that must prove congenial to the elements of his soul; *he* be doomed to the everlasting companionship of the gross and vile—was painful. The regret haunted me for years, until at last I chanced to read (and with what degree of pleasure may be imagined) that, previous to his decease, the illustrious composer had become a sincere Christian,

and been enabled to adopt as his own the sentiment of his matchless song—the text engraven on his statue in Westminster Abbey—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." Since that gratifying assurance, his music has been to me clothed in yet more expressive grandeur.

To thank God we ought, and to laud him unceasingly, for the sanctified genius of Handel, and that of his co-workers in art, be they musicians, poets, or painters, the beautifiers of our globe, and agents of Himself, the monarch of all art, who hath created every thing glorious to aid in the enfranchisement of our souls from the thralldom of the material element. But let us, at the same time, in gentlest charity mourn over the monuments of squandered talents, the wrecks of those misguided ones, who, though madly spurning their noble prerogative of celestial kinship, have yet retained, amid their humiliation, a sufficient portion of radiance, tarnished though it be, to remind us of their origin. They are like the banished archangel in *Paradise Lost*, whose

"form had yet not lost

All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd and th' excess
Of glory obscured."

CHAPTER II.

“We live by admiration, hope, and love ;
And even as these are well and wisely fix’d,
In dignity of being we ascend.”

Wordsworth.

EXTREME veneration for intellectual superiority was a spontaneous sentiment with Hamilton. He looked upon painters or writers as a distinct order of creatures, properly belonging to another sphere, and worthy of the most profound deference, if not of actual worship. It was a common practice of his to haunt places where he thought he might possibly catch a glimpse of a distinguished personage, doubly blessed if favoured with a glance, or deigned a word from the lion. I think it was Bryant whom he once pursued through a crowd, hoping to have the felicity of touching his garments. The smallest relic of departed genius he prized as sacred, and among his hoarded treasures are a broken palette which had once belonged to Inman, a minute pencil-sketch by the same, and even the black crape presented to him on the occasion of that lamented artist's funeral. Collecting autographs and literary scraps relating to art and artists, and arranging them in the neatest and most systematic manner, was a pet occupation

of his childhood ; and that his accumulations in that line were pretty extensive, the many appropriated drawers and shelves in all parts of the house bore ample testimony.

Subsequently, the family removed to New York ; and here Hamilton, then eleven years old, presented himself as a candidate for admission into the National Academy of Design. The late Frederick Agate, one of the most amiable and estimable of men, and an artist of fine talent, was the official to whom he applied. Mr. Agate smiled kindly at the *petite* childish figure before him, and told him that he feared he would have to wait some years longer, it being beyond all precedent to admit as a student one so young into any national school of art. But Hamilton went well prepared for such an emergency, and nothing daunted, drew from his pocket a newspaper from which he proceeded to read an account, copied from an English journal, of a boy of similar age who had recently been admitted into one of the first European schools of art. It was on the score of extraordinary merit, to be sure, but our little lad frankly avowed himself both ready and willing to abide the same test. The proofs were pretty conclusive, Mr. Agate granted, and he assured him that, if the drawings which he had brought as specimens should be found, on due examination, to be of uncommon promise, he might rely on obtaining admission. They were so, and without further delay the child gained the desire

of his heart, and was an industrious evening student of this institution for several successive winters, and an especial *protégé* of Mr. Agate until the demise of the latter, which occurred a couple of years after his entrance.

A new boyish fancy then seized him. A gentleman of Brooklyn, who took an unusual interest in him, taught him the entertaining art of medallion-moulding, and while the whim lasted, the house was plentifully bestrown with plaster, models, and the various implements requisite in the plastic art. This pretty pastime continued his hobby for several months, during which time he made a large number of casts.

He never wearied of hearing about art and artists; the most trifling anecdotes concerning them assumed a vast importance and charm for him. While listening to such detail, the large liquid-blue orbs would sparkle, and the smooth cheeks glow with eagerness, until, as a lady to whom he was warmly attached, and whom it amused to watch him in such moods, says, his look became absolutely inspired,—he was the very *beau-ideal* of an embryo Raffaele. The same lady speaks of a valuable artistic faculty which he possessed in an extraordinary degree, that of drawing beauty from uncouth and unpromising objects. He would sit gazing absorbedly at something seemingly destitute of the slightest interest, and when rallied by her on his

abstraction, reply enthusiastically, "Oh, Mrs. B—, I am looking at that beautiful effect,—don't you see it!"

But the beauty he thought visible to the common observer was in reality the reflection of the rainbow flung over his own imagination, which, pouring its refulgent rays upon all beneath its arch, bathed even the lowliest and meanest atoms of creation in hues of gorgeous loveliness.

With rapid variation his thoughts glided "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and enjoyed a refined witticism with infinite relish, though a vulgar or profane jest provoked his supreme contempt. Often, while drawing away in perfect seriousness of intent, a dash of the ludicrous coming suddenly across his fancy, he would, with a few cunning strokes of his pencil, twist the whole affair into a comic exaggeration worthy a Cruikshank. Many of those sketches were so droll that no one could possibly resist laughter. Sometimes the cat was seized on, and compelled to sit for her portrait, and many and fearful were the distortions in face and contour to which unlucky puss was victim. And again, all other models failing, he would caricature himself in some absurd character, as the "Loafer Boy," &c., still preserving the resemblance exact.

His chief and more enduring delight, however, was in sketching from nature, and for it he had rare

capabilities. His eye was the eye of the true artist, ever watchfully on the alert to discover beauty of prospect, whether it were of grandeur or simplicity, of sky, or river, or earth; and a romantically wild spot buried in silent seclusion—a rudely picturesque hut with a group of ragged and unkempt peasant-urchins—a sheet of water reflecting in softened tints the gold, crimson, and purple cloudlets of sunset—or an old time-worn stump studded with moss, were alike potent to charm his imagination, and exalt his soul. He revelled in the free glories of nature, delighted to note her moods, which, “though ever changing,” are ever enchanting. And thus it ever is; every lover of nature is intuitively both a musician and a painter; he hears and sees harmony as well in a singing brook, or a bursting bud, as in the *chef-d’œuvre* of a Beethoven or a Guido.

Many of the happiest hours of his life, Hamilton has often affirmed, have been thus spent in the country. In the society of a beloved friend of congenial tastes, he was accustomed to pass long delicious afternoons, drawing sweet quiet bits of scenery, and whilom reclining on the green sward beneath the whispering boughs of an umbrageous tree, dreamily conning over quaint, rare ballads of the olden time, or discoursing the beauties of good Izaak Walton, or other ruralizer of kindred fancy. He has marked a passage in Blair’s “Grave,” as descriptive of his own experience on those occasions:—

“Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along,
In grateful errors through the underwood
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep, while every flower
Vied with his fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half—'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last!”

This exquisitely graphic poem, which is not as familiarly known in this country as it should be, he contemplated publishing at no very remote period, with original notes and illustrations, and quite a number of the latter he had already designed. How must his most glowing conceptions be exceeded in the land where he now dwells!

There is in Brooklyn a society incorporated under the title of the “Brooklyn Institute,” which claims not only an honourable passing mention, but also to be held forth as a model worthy of extensive imitation, on account of its praiseworthy exertions in behalf of youthful improvement, and its generous encouragement of unfolding talents. It was announced

to the young readers of the circulating library attached to the institute, that the board of managers had decided to award premiums for the best original essays on given subjects, and for the best specimens of drawing, on the 22d February, 1844. On the evening before the last limited for the reception of the works of competitors, it occurred to Hamilton that he might as well try his fortune too. In the words of Mr. N——, one of the managers, a gentleman to whose urbane kindness my brother was deeply indebted, a little boy, a stranger, stepped up to him as he stood on the platform, and asked if he might, at so late a period, be permitted to become a competitor for the drawing prize. Mr. N—— replied in the affirmative; and, accordingly, the next evening Hamilton reappeared with a cleverly-executed pencil-drawing, taken *that* day from a young bacchanal of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It obtained the first premium. The succeeding winter he received the medal for the best drawing and water-colour painting, and also a premium for an essay on the Discovery of America. This is a curiously original production, displaying a profound and discriminating research into a number of obscure volumes, all of which inquiry he pursued unassisted by any one. In the treatment of the subject, he endeavours to prove conclusively from writers of antiquity the theory, that America was discovered and peopled by at least *ten* distinct nations prior to the

expeditions of Columbus, and that credit is due to many other navigators besides him. Owing to the extreme youth of the author, and the haste in which it was produced, (for he wrote always on the spur of the moment,) the paper is somewhat crude in style, and lacks the more polished diction of his later efforts. The next year he was for the third time consecutively a successful candidate, but on the fourth was requested to withdraw altogether from the lists, being declared beyond the circle of competition. The cause will be better explained by the following letter, with a copy of which I was politely favoured by Mr. N—— since Hamilton's death:—

“ Brooklyn Institute, Feb. 22d, 1847.

“MASTER A. H. BROWNE:—You have not only taken the first premiums of the Brooklyn Institute for the three past years, but sometimes the second also. Your drawing, wood-engraving, and essays at this time show such an application of your time and talents, that if taken up by the committee they would sweep the prizes from all competitors, and others would be discouraged from any attempts to reach our premiums. Our object is to encourage the application of talents in all our readers and scholars, and the Board of Directors

“ Resolved, That the continual improvement made by Master A. H. Browne, in the works to which he has devoted his study and attention, needs no fur-

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ther encouragement from this institute, and places him beyond the scope of our annual premiums; and that, instead of a medal, the president be requested to forward him our vote of approbation ;”

Which, I can assure you, I have much pleasure in transmitting, with the best wishes of,

Yours,

R. N——,

Vice President.

The prognostics of his future distinction were numerous and very flattering. At thirteen he executed a pencil-drawing likeness of one of his standards in art, Sir Thomas Lawrence, which drew from an artist of celebrity the compliment, “Young gentleman, if you keep on, you will yourself be a second Sir Thomas !”

There could not be a boy more impervious to flattery than was Hamilton ; otherwise must he have been early spoiled. But he quickly detected it, and shook it off his memory carelessly, as doth the Bird of Paradise free her brilliant plumage from the obtrusive decoration of glittering rain-beads. The voice of sincere and judicious praise was, however, quite another thing ; and it he always appreciated, warmly, thankfully, and improvingly. His thoughts had always been so entirely absorbed and occupied by art and study, that he had but little inclination or leisure for the innocent games and diversions so dearly loved by boys generally. For him, marbles, top, ball, or kite, presented but inferior attractions ;

neither, as he grew older, did he take any part in the time-wasting frivolities of fashion. Dancing was one of this latter class, which he ever alluded to as an amusement beneath the dignity of a rational soul. In his last illness, he viewed it in a yet more important light, and but a few days before he departed to his eternal rest, he spoke of it in the strongest terms, denouncing it as an incalculable evil, tending to the total dissipation and banishment of all religious reflection.

Art was his engrossing dream; he would stand spell-bound before a fine picture, oblivious to all passing around him, mutely drinking in inspiration from its beauties, and, like the student of old, whispering to himself, in a glow of gratulation, "*I, too, am a painter!*"

The presence of a grand picture is a perpetual sermon, exercising, upon all who give due heed unto its preaching, a purifying and ennobling influence. Such paintings as Huntington's "Communion of the Sick," Durand's exquisitely imaginative "Indian's Vespers," and Doughty's charming landscapes, are of this character, and confer honour, not only on the genius which conceived and executed them, but also on the glorious art from which they emanate. Many such splendid works of native art are among us, worthy to grace the walls of the Louvre or the Vatican.

Once, and once only, did the dear boy figure on

the political arena ; he had at the time attained the respectable age of fourteen. It was at that period when the Clay excitement had reached its culminating point, and a war of words was being waged, very little to the edification of the sedate and peaceable portion of the community. In order not to be behind the march of improvement, a number of the patriotic rising generation, swelling with the magnanimous hope of being able, by dint of redoubtable prowess, to snatch their adored father-land from impending immolation on the altar of foreign influence, formed themselves into a Whig-club. Hamilton, with his brother Washington, as they were stanch and uncompromising Whigs, were among the prime movers thereof.

As soon as the important club was organized and duly provided with officers, (a numerous body, as a matter of course,) they determined, as it was election time, and the enemy's party were making war-like demonstrations, not to be outdone, but to marshal their hosts also for a grand torchlight procession. Turn out before the gaze of an enlightened public without an illuminated banner, they could not ; so, accordingly, Hamilton's talents were put in requisition for one, and after serious family consultation, an imposing and fanciful affair was devised and painted by him, displaying in the centre thereof a striking semblance of their famous candidate, with a magnificently sententious motto meandering around him.

The procession formed amid the plaudits of admiring partisans, and moved off in exceeding pomp and pageantry, each patriot carrying his head very loftily. But, alas! *sic transit gloria mundi*, their triumph was of brief duration; for "a horde of fierce barbarians," from the opposite standard, stalwart men, too, to their ignominy be it recorded, burning with cruel intent, sallied out upon the boy-heroes, demolished their lanterns, trampled ruthlessly upon their insignia and feelings, and finally, though not without stout resistance, put liberty's doughty champions to inglorious and nimble flight. It was really grievous; when the poor boys re-entered home, they wore a crushed and crestfallen air, quite different from that of gallant defiance with which they had left; they carried them as those who had suffered base wrong, and been ill-requited by the land they loved "not wisely, but too well."

This cavalier treatment effectually cooled Hamilton's enthusiasm for politics, and upon the immediate dismemberment of his *corps politique*, he washed his hands out of them entirely. The banner, rescued with difficulty from the clutch of the foeman, remained a garret ornament for many a day; a melancholy monument of the futility of human grandeur and ambition, and of insulted patriotism.

At this time he painted a portrait of himself, and a most faithful likeness it is. The clear tranquil eyes follow me around now with the exact expres-

sion of the original, and on the rosy lips is the bright sunny smile that always lighted up his countenance. The same smile lingered on his face even after death had set to his seal. His entrance into the house was ever like a sunbeam; the fair open brow resolutely refused to knit into a frown. The expression of the father of Sir Philip Sidney, in reference to his noble son, might equally be applied to Hamilton: "He is the light of his family."

This portrait, though he himself always deprecated it as a mere juvenile attempt, and consigned it to the shades of the lumber-room, is now of incalculable value. No one can rightly realize, until deprived by death of the original, what a precious memento even the most rough and unfinished likeness can become. How many a one is there, who, with bitter self-upbraidings, mourns his folly in not having in time secured the lineaments of a sepulchred friend, which might have formed a connecting link between the dead and the living! One glance at a well-known portrait may have power to call up the remembrances of a whole eventful life, and arouse, as if by the wave of a magician's wand, a troop of "thick coming fancies," until the stillness of solitude is made musical by sweet, jocund voices, and the quiet apartment fairly teems with forms long ago composed to sleep beneath the daisies and lilies of the valley, or reposing, wrapped in their sea-weed winding-sheets, upon the coral beds of old ocean.

Without stirring from before the picture, or withdrawing our eyes, we are surrounded in an instant by a hundred distinctly recognised tableaux of by-gone scenes—scenes of commingled pleasure and pain, of love, beauty, tenderness, gratitude, reverence, pathos, drollery, and grief. At some of them so vivid, we cannot restrain a smile; others again demand the tribute of a sigh; and at others we feel the warm, eloquent blush mantling our cheek, until the tide of reality rushes back upon our hearts, and amid blinding tears that gush forth unbidden from their fountains, the whole airy fabric melts again into nothingness.

Yes! a portrait is indeed a most precious memento, and there is in the sadness it awakens, a truer and a more exquisite bliss than can be found in any present gayety or pleasure.

During a few months, Hamilton instructed a class in drawing, and it would have been a very pleasant employment, but for the conviction that his frolicsome pupils regarded him more in the light of an agreeable playmate than an erudite professor, no matter how grave or dignified, by virtue of his office, he might strive to be.

Up to the age of sixteen, he remained at home, pursuing his studies, painting small pieces, and taking a number of family portraits. He then decided that as he was yet too young to enter upon a regular course of his chosen profession, and being at the

same time desirous of a remunerative occupation, he would learn the art of wood-engraving. He did so, and wrought constantly thereat for the three and a half years following. In this branch of art, and in designing and draughting, he was fast acquiring celebrity, and executed a great number of engravings, many of them of a high rank in superiority, which are scattered about through various published works; although, in consequence of being an apprentice, his own name but seldom is affixed to them. From the Boston Fair of 1847, he received the first diploma for drawing; and from the fair of the American Institute in New York, in 1848, the first diploma for wood-engraving was awarded him.

All the time his industry continued unremitting; he but dropped the graver to take up the pencil, which in its turn was laid aside to make room for a book, and so on, only pausing through sheer necessity for refreshment and exercise. Often, after working closely all day at the office, he would, on coming home, settle himself to draw, and make original designs for future enlargement, until late at night. That he was obliged to spend so many of the golden hours of youth in engraving was a source of extreme regret to him, but he promised himself the felicity, when out of his artied time, of devoting himself solely to his old love, painting, his passion for which was, like all other absorbing affection, profound, fervent, and unutterable. Deep genuine adoration is

ever too sacred for common demonstration ; we hoard it in the bosom's core, a treasure too choice for display ; noisy, talkative love is never to be relied on or trusted in. The crowning wish of his heart was to visit Europe, particularly the queen cities, London and Rome, in order to study their gems of art, and this he hoped to be able to accomplish after the lapse of a few years.

He also commenced and pursued systematically, in addition to his other avocations, the study of anatomy ; and, notwithstanding the repugnance which he felt toward it in its more practical bearings, he followed it up with perseverance for the sake of its ultimate application to his art, which, in accordance with the code of Michael Angelo and the other great masters, he conceived could not be brought to perfection without an intimacy with every bone, muscle, and nerve of the human system. Such an excess of toil was enough to injure a frame of steel, much more that of a delicate fragile boy ; but remonstrance was of no avail, for when unemployed he was one of the most restless and miserable of creatures. How delightful is the conjecture, and how reasonable is it also, that the ever unquenchable thirst after knowledge, the very eagerness of soul which wore out, even as does a sharp sword its scabbard, his frail earthly tenement, will continue to impel him onward to the springs of truth, and to achieve higher and more perfect insight into the holy sciences of

his Father's kingdom. The grand mystery of existence is now unveiled to him, and the problem of life clearly solved, in the fulfilment of the end of his creation—his soul's salvation, and the glory of God. "For *now* we see through a glass darkly; but *then* face to face." Perfection, on earth an unattainable chimera, he has above found all-governing; and as page after page of the book of life is turned over by the celestial student, at each new discovery of the wonders of creation, preservation, and redemption, the shout, Eureka! bursts from his exulting lips, until, in an ecstasy of gratitude and adoration, he bows before the throne of Him that liveth for ever and ever.

A careful cultivation of every power, intellectual and moral, during our brief sojourn on this terrestrial sphere, is incumbent upon us: our watchword must be Excelsior!—our aim, perfection, or else do we miserably forego the loftiest privileges of our immortal birthright. Even the cultivation of physical excellence is a duty important; for, an enlightened soul when enshrined in a sound body is able not only to "press forward to the mark for the prize of our high calling," with greater alacrity and pleasure to itself, but also to render valuable assistance to weaker wayfarers.

Some drowsy-souled beings suppose that in heaven, knowledge will be so all-pervading and universal, that there is, therefore, no imperative necessity

for exertion to obtain any more here below, beyond what is absolutely required for the exigencies of mortal life. Such an arguer is like unto that wicked and slothful servant who went and buried his Lord's talent in the earth, and mayhap will find himself, like him, lamentably mistaken when repentance comes too late. "For unto every one that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Matt. xxv. 29. Thus we may see that this matter is not one of mere option at all; that we are bound by the strictest laws of God to a full and complete culture of all our faculties, of each and every talent that he hath intrusted us with, for his honour, as well as for our own gratification and exaltation. The burden of the Scriptures throughout is improvement, going on from knowledge to knowledge, from grace to grace, from glory to glory, up to the shining of the clear day. Bacon impressively says, "In this theatre of man's life, God and angels only should be lookers on."

No! think not, idle, listless dreamer, that there is such a state possible as that of resting on our oars while contending with the impetuously rushing billows of Time; there is no such command on the voyage of life as stop,—all is action—strife—earnestness. Indecision is madness,—delay, destruction! Every pulse of the heart, every beat of its ceaseless throbblings, impels us on a wave nearer to the precipitous coasts of eternity; and how, unless we have

acquired skill to ascertain with unerring certitude our bearings on life's solemn ocean, oh ! how shall we, wearied voyagers, be able, when nearing the desired port, to steer our frail bark through the foaming breakers into safe and peaceful harbour. Lacking this all-essential lore, we shall inevitably founder on the rocks, or sink forever engulfed in the quicksands of perdition !

The surges of the waters of time, as they wash with measured recurrence the adamantine beach of eternity, are perpetually chanting to us in solemn voices. Above the clamour of busy, feverish day, we hear their warning swell, and through the hush of starry night they cease not, ever, ever uttering in never-varying cadence,—“*Arise ye, and depart ; for this is not your rest !*”

“A happy immortality,” says Plato, “is a great prize set before us, and a great object of hope, which should engage us to labour all the time of our life to acquire wisdom and virtue.”

Moses was learned in the wisdom of the Lord, and, besides, “in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in word and in deed.” Neither did Paul, the inspired metaphysician and philosopher, with all his supernatural gifts, deem it expedient to abandon diligent study, as may be seen by his charge to Timothy to bring with him, when he came to him, “the books, but especially the parchments.” An ignorant Christian is an anomaly, and should be a

rare curiosity. What a craven soul, and yet worse, an audacious one, must his be, who, without ever having in a single instance "come to the aid of the Lord against the mighty" on earth, or taken the slightest pains to fit himself for the pure and refined society of the holy in heaven, yet hopes to creep stealthily through the pearly gates into the city, and take a place amid the ranks of blazing seraphim and mighty intelligences, with barely sufficient knowledge to enable him to pass the celestial countersign to the angelic cohorts guarding the portal! But let the unprofitable servant beware; let him take good heed lest, through his ignorance, he mistake, and use the sign of the enemy instead, to his own irremediable destruction.

"The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,
The deeper draughts shall they receive of heaven."

Our bodily senses, so precious to us now that deprived of their functions life itself would be but an empty void,—neither shall they be annihilated; for this frail body shall be ransomed from the bondage of the grave, and spiritualized, as was the humanity of the Saviour. These eyes, which have so often gazed on the varied glories of creation—these "eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off." These ears, which have so often listened in transport to the rejoicing voices of nature, shall hearken to the hallelujahs of the blessed, and list the murmurings of the

waters of life. These hands, which have so often gathered the flowers that gem this lower sphere, shall pluck amaranthine buds from the meadows of paradise, and touch harps of gold. These feet, which have so often walked to the house of prayer, shall tread the shining streets of the city of God. This tongue, which has so often joyfully sung his praises here, shall vie with angels in songs of adoration, and claim a part in the new song which neither angels nor archangels may aspire to sing, "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." This restless heart, which even amid its feverish achings has so often glowed with glad anticipations, shall repose in the bliss of full fruition and perfect quietude of security from all that can annoy. And thus, this body of our humiliation, which has known so many awakenings to the light of day, shall, in the morning of the resurrection, experience a last and more joyful awakening from the silent slumbers of years, and spring forth from its bed of dust, clad in spiritual vestments of youth and unfading loveliness;—come forth to be reunited in indissoluble bonds to its old companion, the soul, and to hail with it the inspiring welcome, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. xxv. 34.

Should not these considerations, then, be all-powerful to impel us on with cheerful, brave hearts, through every difficulty, discouragement, despondency, and disappointment which may befall us on our heavenward path? well knowing that when we shall have faithfully fulfilled, like as hirelings, the allotted span of time, our reward will be the rich guerdon of everlasting life, and, under the tutelage of the wise and holy of all ages, (who, it is not irrational to conjecture, may be commissioned to employ a portion of the cycles of eternity in elucidating to those of inferior acquirements the sacred mysteries of heaven,) a progressive development and expansion of intellect.

May we not for a moment plume the wings of imagination and soar into the regions of the blessed, and behold gathered together on the thousand diversified hills and plains of paradise, and around its murmuring crystal fountains, the happy company of the redeemed, listening with eager curiosity to the reminiscences of the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs of old, whose renown has been a household word through succeeding generations? We may hear Adam expressing the enchanting freshness of his sensations on first awaking to life and beauty amid the fragrant bowers of Eden, and his keen after-remorse, when, with his still tenderly-cherished, though erring consort Eve, he fell from his estate of purity and innocence; Moses, describing

to a host of the later born the awfully sublime scene of his delivery to the children of Israel of the tablets of stone whereon were engraven the ten commandments of the law ; Elijah, dwelling with vehement eloquence on his journey upward in the chariot of fire ; Isaiah, the rapt seer, expounding to a group around him the interpretations and fulfilments of his own mystical oracles ; David, the sweet singer of Israel, awaking his tuneful harp to even more impassioned strains than those which calmed the perturbed spirit of Saul ; Paul, pouring forth a flood of fiery oratory, such as that which erewhile enchained the attention of the multitude on Mars hill ; John, the beloved disciple, relating in melodious descant to an assemblage of those who prefer above 'statelier lays his gentle affectionate teachings, the history of the life, passion, and death of his Divine Master, with his own eventful wanderings, and those of his brother apostles, through what was indeed to them the vale of tears. And, as they hearken with never-varying interest and wonder to the oft-repeated story of the redemption of man, cannot we almost see the thronging angels veil in adoring awe their radiant faces, and hear them chanting, in subdued tones, the chorus, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever ;" while He, who is the light of the temple which needs no sun, sheds over the innumerable congregations of his chosen ones a

flood of ineffable glory. Pollok, in his *Course of Time*, indulges in delightful imaginativeness on the probable occupations of the inhabitants of heaven.

The unseen world is rife with action, and dare we be idle,—*we*, on behalf of whom is the strenuous and perpetual strife between angel and demon! Demons struggling to seize on us for their prey, while squadrons of angels charge as promptly to the rescue! As they contended ages ago together for the possession of the body of Moses, Michael and his angels, and Satan with his fiends, may now be at this moment in equally fierce contest for our souls. Awake, then, O sleepers! and strain every faculty to repel the fell adversaries. Life is a turbulent warfare, and during its continuance certain death is our meed if haply we sleep on our post. Plato held the doctrine, “that the world is nothing but corruption, and that we ought to fly from it, and unite ourselves with God, who alone is our life and health; and that, while we live in this world, we are surrounded with enemies, and have a continual combat to endure, which requires on our part a resistance without intermission; and that we cannot conquer unless God or his angels come to our assistance.”

The Heart and the World.

Heart, with thy pulses highly beating;
World, with thy pageants false as fleeting,
 What concord can ye have?
Hush'd shall thy pulse be, heart, for ever,
Soon shall thy reign, proud world, be over,
 Thine an oblivious grave.

Heart, canst thou grasp thy hope's fruition?
World, dost thou yield the heart's petition?
 Gushing in music's tone?
None e'er enjoyed his soul's best dreaming,
Still to the prayer most earnest seeming,
 Thou answerest back a moan.

Heart, hast thou found thy joys all sparkling?
World, then withhold thy shadows darkling,
 Spare the untainted breast!
Trump-like I hear, 'mid scenes of pleasure,
A voice proclaim in solemn measure,
 "*Here*, soul, is not thy rest!"

Heart, dost thou thirst for kindred union?
World, well I wist such pure communion,
 Guerdon of *thine*, is none;
Soul! for the goal immortal striving,
Onward! through flames and whirlwinds driving,
 Seize thou the victor crown!

Heart, fix on high thy sphere of action ;
World, I condemn thy vague attraction,
 All baseless as the wind ;
Let me so use my brief probation,
As to secure in heaven's duration,
 The pinions of the mind.

Heart, guard thy treasures rich and trusting ;
World, crown'd with gauds, bemoulded, rusting,
 Hence, with thy specious rays ;
Soul ! up and strain thy whole endeavour,
Relax th' momentous combat never !
 Till mortal might decays.

CHAPTER III.

“I hoped I should not leave
The earth without a vestige : Fate decrees
It shall be otherwise, and I submit.

Now other cares engross me,
And my tired soul, with emulative haste,
Looks to its God, and plumes its wings for heaven.”

As a relaxation from more strictly professional pursuits, Hamilton's thoughts naturally reverted to music. His taste for it, cultivated by constant hearing, was of the finest order, and so critical and discriminating, that I rarely felt quite satisfied with a new musical composition unless it elicited his cordial approval. Nor was it only mere fancy-captivating melody that suited him, but the deep, mystic, spirit-breathings of richer harmony. Music was the delight of his infancy, and, true to its mission, soothed with gentlest ministrings his dying couch.

Painting and music are twin-sisters, ever the chosen handmaidens of the immortal Psyche. Co-eval in birth, requiring in their pursuit an assimilating caste of intellect and kindred elevation of soul, and being equally governed by the immutable laws of truth and sublimity—a lover of one art will essentially be a lover of the other, although perhaps

it may be in a subordinate measure, for they are indivisible in the hearts of their liege worshippers. The sole diversity between them is in the difference of mode by which they appeal to our sympathies through the medium of the outward senses. Painting is but ocular music, while, again, music is but auricular painting. The painter, in his mood of inspiration, seizes on the brush as the instrument by which he may perpetuate his conceptions and give them utterance; while the son of song, no less impassioned, invokes to his aid the sweet spirit of sound: still the impression effected is of the same nature, and produces precisely similar results in the minds of the beholders and auditors. Every true artist is both a painter and musician, in the most perfect and unmistakeable sense of the terms; it is the sacred mission of each to sound the depths of the spirit, and to draw forth from it hidden treasures of harmony, whether of colour or tone, to exalt with their wonderful beauty His name by whom they were given.

The Fine Arts, music, painting, poetry, and sculpture, must ever endow, with a portion of their own lofty characteristics, the spirits of their sincere worshippers, inasmuch as that it is utterly impossible to be in intimate fellowship with either minds or influences without assimilating to them in tastes, feelings, and habits. Some physiologists have carried this idea so far as to assert that persons placed con-

tinually together for a length of time, will finally grow to bear a close resemblance to each other in lineament and contour. However, be this delicate theory real, or be it only fanciful, in regard to the outer form, it is indisputably true in relation to the inner life. It were impossible to imbibe impurity from purity, vice from virtue, depravity from holiness, ugliness from beauty, or plan deliberately a deed of darkness or treachery, while drawing in pure inspiration from an exquisite musical performance or a noble painting.

The fine arts carry around them a sacred atmosphere, peculiarly their own; and this atmosphere being impervious to the coarser fluids of the material and deteriorated creation, it steadily repels the admixture of any foreign essence, however subtle and forcible, and refuses to transmit the most gorgeously brilliant colours, if shot from a mere parhelion.

With sorrow we are compelled to admit that both music and painting, and, indeed, the other arts also, have been profaned and degraded, by being made vehicles of conveying unworthy and unholy sentiments. For instance, who, in his rational mind, would, *could*, for one moment, give ear unto the vulgar, and oftentimes profane jargon of the negro songs, which are at this day exerting so extensive and lamentable an influence in perverting the tastes of the pastime-seeking masses, were it not for the many truly charming melodies attached? Surely

not a creature. And as to pictures, many a work, "stale, flat, and unprofitable," do they redeem from richly merited oblivion; many a worthless, bad book is forced into wide circulation through the lure of a few clever and amusing illustrations.

Between eminent musicians and painters as great an affinity of character and genius may commonly be traced, as between their respective arts. Thus, for instance, Handel has been happily termed the Michael Angelo of music; Pergolesi, the Raffaele; Haydn, the Tintoret; Mozart, the Domenichino; and, to pursue the analogy a little further, Beethoven, in his magnificence, and darkly intense modulations and startling combinations, may be aptly likened to Salvator Rosa; Sebastian Bach, the fugist, to Nicholas Poussin; Von Weber, to Paul Veronese; Rossini, to Rubens; Bellini, to Correggio; and Mendelssohn, to one of the Caracci.

Hamilton was familiarly acquainted with much of the best classical music; but, above all others, the music of the Messiah claimed his preference. While Braham, whose *forté* lay in the performance of its principal solos, was in this country, he constantly attended his concerts, an enthusiastic little auditor, and in a spirit of semi-mimicry, caught up many of the venerable master's peculiarities of style and manner.

"Comfort ye my people," the recitative opening the oratorio in calm and lofty placidity;—

The "Hallelujah Chorus," that massive structure, which, as it rolls on in sonorous magnificence, sending forth peal after peal of praise, seems emulous by its excess of grandeur to pierce the mists of time and vibrate beyond the turrets of the eternal city:—on it speeds—until, at last, scaling with a mighty bound the summit of human power, it pauses, lost in the immensity of the subject—"King of kings, and Lord of lords,"—and with the adoration of repeated hallelujahs, ends, leaving us absorbed,—hushed, and almost listening for an echoing shout from the hosts above;—

The touching pastoral, "He shall feed his flock," and the aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which in its tranquillizing beauty and serenity thrills the tenderest and holiest chords of the soul;—

Were among the favourites of Hamilton; loved, not as it is too often the case, because it was fashionable to laud them, (and never did there exist a more vulgar error than that of linking excellence to the transitory frippery of fashion,) but for the sake of their own intrinsic value.

It is a cause of extreme regret to me that my brother has left so very limited materials to work on. There were but few striking incidents in his short and retired life to serve as finger-posts for memory; but one who knew him well says, that his entire life was a picture in itself, and an inseparable tissue of beauty and poetry. He corresponded

but little, and even that little is beyond my reach. One or two extracts, however, from a boyish epistle which has come to my hand, may serve to illustrate to other young students his ideas of a systematic application to study:

“Above all, be *industrious*; remember Wilkie’s ‘Jist be doing,’ and draw legs, arms, heads, and toes, but be doing something in your art. ‘Pass no idle day without a line.’ *Work all the time*, and you will not be afraid to undertake any thing whatever; *energy!* ENERGY! the thing.

‘Redeem we time? Its *loss* we dearly buy.

Time’s use was doom’d a pleasure; waste, a pain.’

Think of that, my dear, dear friend. I see it more and more every day.

‘The man who consecrates his hours

By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,

At once he draws the sting of life and death:

He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.’

“Time destroyed is murder of the worst kind. Draw *fine* things if you can get them, but if you can’t, draw *bad* things; but, above all, draw *something*. You can get along in this world as you choose; make light of consequences, and they will be light.

‘Grasp them like a man of mettle,

And the rogues obey you well.’

But shrink from them, and they will *lamm* you.

“Anatomy, colour, chiaroscuro, &c. &c., appear formidable at a distance, particularly the former, but approach them bravely—the difficulties vanish. This I am certain of, I half know it by experience. ‘Now, these few precepts in thy memory, look thou at character.’

“Consider if you think them worth any thing, and if you do think they are, act up to them. J—and myself are drawing the Fighting Gladiator: it is terribly difficult, we are going into it anatomically. (Hear, O ye gods!)”

In the month of September, 1848, while playfully wrestling with some office-mates, he suddenly quit-
ted them without speaking, and left the room. One or two of them followed him out, and ascertained that he had ruptured a blood-vessel, and was in an alarming condition. By some means the bleeding was stanch-
ed for the time, and he, hoping to keep the accident a secret from his family, waited until his customary hour for returning home. But in the middle of the succeeding night, the hemorrhage came on with redoubled violence, and he ran into mamma’s room just able to gasp out, “It is all over with me!” Strong draughts of salt and water were instantly administered to him, and he recovered so far, that by morning the danger was apparently over, although he was confined to the house for several days, very much, indeed, against his inclination, for he had a large engraving to finish for the Fair of

the American Institute. He told me afterwards, that the sensations which he then experienced in the immediate prospect of death were appalling. He was always painfully sensitive and nervous on the subject of his health, and could scarcely count that person his friend who dared even hint to him that he looked delicate. The trying years of childhood safely past, it had been fondly trusted that with his rapid growth his hitherto fragile constitution was gradually gathering power to expand into vigorous manhood, and to this hope he himself clung with a tenacity that spurned all doubt. But one who loved him better than earthly friend could do, chose for him an early rest. During the winter ensuing, he was watched over carefully, yet nothing further transpired to give ground for apprehension.

But a darker shadow was destined to fall athwart our lives, a heavy pall of sorrow which neither time nor circumstance can ever alleviate or remove. On the memorable night of the 10th of May, 1849, Hamilton came home at about half-past ten o'clock, looking much flurried and agitated. All the rest of the family were either out or had retired, but myself. He said that he had been in the neighbourhood of the Opera-house, where a dreadful scene was being enacted, that many lives would in all probability be sacrificed, and that it was with extreme difficulty that he had been able to extricate himself from the dense mass of people. He seemed panic-

stricken while he spoke, and shortly after went up to his room. I had also gone to mine, when a startling ring at the front-door bell brought me down in haste to answer it, and, without previous preparation or warning, our brother, George Washington, the same little boy who had watched beside Hamilton's sick couch when an infant, was, amid a crowd of persons, carried in on a board—*dead*, weltering in his heart's blood.

Impelled by the natural curiosity which had attracted thither nearly all those present on the woful occasion, he had, about seven o'clock, left home to look at the military companies assembled in Astor Place. He had been on the spot but a very few moments, and was looking quietly on, when a young man addressed the remark to him, "I fear there will be bad work here to-night, sir!" Washington replied that it looked like it. At that instant a volley of balls was fired, and he, among the first, fell on his face to the ground, mortally wounded—an immense ball had passed through his breast, close above the heart, and out at his back. Two bystanders, thinking he had but fainted, caught him by the arms, and guided his staggering steps through the excited crowd, which was now swaying tumultuously to and fro like the waves of a furious sea, until they reached the drug-store of Dr. Chilton, where his wound was examined by a physician. By this time he had revived from his

swoon, and asked the doctor, "Doctor, can you save me?" The doctor replied that he feared not. He then entreated that he might be taken home, and strove hard to give his address for the purpose to those around him, but the life-fountain, gushing out in fearful torrents, choked his utterance, so that he could not be understood in time to gratify his desire. A gentleman, one of those who had lifted him from the ground, and who benevolently supported him in his arms until his spirit departed, said encouragingly, "Cheer up, my boy, you'll get over it!" but Washington replied, "No, I am dying!"

He then lay with his lips moving, communing with himself and praying earnestly, no doubt, for he well knew the Way of Life; only repeating at intervals, in accents growing fainter and fainter, his solicitations to be taken home. The scene was heart-rending; several others lay expiring around him at the same time, and groan echoed groan. In about forty minutes, he had ceased to breathe, without a relative near to offer up a petition to God for him, or commend his parting soul to the mercy of the Redeemer. Just before he died, he whispered again, "Take me home," and fixed his dimmed eyes on a young man who was standing beside him, with a long imploring gaze, which he says will never leave him, apparently mistaking him for a favourite brother. He then made a violent effort to get on his knees, but nature was in her final throes; he

fell heavily back, and uttering the solemn prayer "*Lord have mercy on my soul!*" stretched himself out—dead.

We indulge a certain hope of the eternal safety of this dear boy; a hope which is built on the basis of the tender mercy of God. A life, outwardly correct as regarded morality and rectitude of principle, could not alone avail him in that tremendous hour; but our trust is founded on the conviction, that the Gracious Being who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee," and who gave him in his trouble the power and faith to call upon Him, was faithful to His promise, and did deliver him with an everlasting salvation.

To a Departed Spirit.

O brother! art thou happy now, as erst in youthful gladness
Thou mingledst with the busy throng, nor bow'd thy head to
sadness?

How little didst thou deem for thee life's taper low was burning,
And that to dust, from whence thou wert, thy form was soon
returning?

Were the home-voices in thy heart when its deep fount was
welling?

Were mournful thoughts of parted friends within thy bosom
swelling?

Yes! but to Him thy spirit turned, his gracious aid imploring,
He who on Calvary expired, our hope of heaven restoring.

Oh, Saviour! wert thou with him when all earth was fast receding,

And didst thou from thy eternal throne give ear unto his pleading?

Wert thou his hope, his dear support when light and life were waning,—

And was thy love omnipotent his anguish'd heart sustaining?

Oh! could I feel that in *that* hour the Saviour gave thee meetness;

Could I but know thy harp is tuned to songs of seraph sweetness;

Could I but hope that on the banks of the celestial river,
Thy path is now, from sorrow free, forever and forever!

Canst thou not answer me, thou dead! nor heed my earnest praying?

Wilt thou not hearken to my call, a word of hope conveying?

Oh! to this wildly-throbbing heart give but of love one token,
Nor let me feel that with *this* life all nature's links are broken.

Say, dost thou in that blissful clime a thought of us still cherish,
The loved of yore, who vainly weep that thou so soon shouldst perish?—

Weep,—thou hast cross'd death's rugged stream in youth's fair early morning,

While opening buds of summer flowers were yet thy steps adorning!

Yes: I will trust that thou art safe; forever safe, my brother!
Thou'rt happy now; be hush'd my heart, thy sad repinings smother;

Soon shall my pulse like thine be still'd, to wait the trumpet's sounding;

May we, my brother,—thou and I,—then meet with joy abounding.

A most painfully affecting incident occurred on the miserable morning succeeding this event. Hamilton, hearing a wish expressed that he would try to sketch a likeness of his brother, none ever having been taken, at an early hour commenced the task. I can never forget the scene presented on entering the chamber of death. There lay on the floor in a subdued light the body of the murdered boy, extended on the board that he had been conveyed home on, and from which he was not removed until the arrival of the coroner. A napkin tied up his chin, and a sheet enveloped his form, his countenance the meanwhile looking as serene and placid as if repose with velvety tread had stolen upon him while overcome with weariness; a smile of happiness even seemed to play over his features. On a low stool beside him sat Hamilton, silent, abstracted, and nearly as pallid, working assiduously upon his mournful subject. In two or three hours he had completed a drawing, during which period, although he made no complaint, there is sad reason to conjecture that his mental sufferings had been poignant, for he was taken ill soon after. The dearly-bought sketch he hid away immediately, and never alluded to it in our presence; nor did we see it again until after his own departure. I may not in justice refrain from mentioning that the conduct of the coroner, the late Dr. Walters, was every thing which the purest humanity and sympathy could prompt and suggest.

Hamilton never voluntarily referred to that night of calamity, until one day, I think it was in March, when he spoke of a sin that pressed heavily on his conscience, and which he could not bear longer to conceal. The agitation and contrition he exhibited while acknowledging it, appeared really more than commensurate to his error. On account of his being ever an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, he fell into the temptation most to be apprehended from a familiarity with the plays of this exquisitely-fascinating author—a desire to see them acted on the stage. There is not a more captivating, and, may I add also, in some cases, a more ensnaring companion to a mind of poetic temperament than is Shakspeare; for, while the truth, purity, and transcendent beauty of many of his sentiments are unparalleled in any language or in any age, these qualities are often so inextricably mixed up with others of quite an opposite tendency, that the pure good is overbalanced and obscured.

The secretly cherished longing of Hamilton to visit the theatre was heightened by the ill-starred arrival of a player of renown, who was to perform in, among others, the noble tragedies of Hamlet, Macbeth and Lear, plays which Hamilton had studied with deep interest; and, accordingly, on the fatal 10th of May, he made one of the audience in the Opera-house. He evidently regarded it as the most mysterious and merciful providence of his

life, that he should have been preserved amid the horrors of that tragedy, while his brother, certainly in his non-participation in any way, more innocent than he was, fell a victim. This was the sin which he confessed, a very venial one many would think, but he judged otherwise; and his repentance for it was sincere, as well as for the dissimulation he had practised in attending a place always forbidden in our family as being one of the principal and most dangerous avenues to destruction. It is little short of a miracle when either morality or mental purity remain long with an habitual play-goer, one given up to the infatuation.

If the passion to haunt theatrical entertainments were even circumscribed to the plays of Shakspeare, the influence might not be so lamentably pernicious; but, unfortunately, the evil rarely stops there. The unwary *habitué* is lured on, step by step, into the vortex, and his ruin accomplished, often before he is aware of even the slightest deleterious influence. Leaving a conscientious motive out of the question, there is an alarming charge to be brought forward against theatrical amusements, which is in itself a sufficient plea for their total renouncement; this is, that the morbid excitement caused by them renders insipid and distasteful the virtuous and sober pleasures of home, and the refining pursuits of art and science; destroys the ætieve faculties of the soul, and lulls it into a state of dreamy abstractedness

fatal to the common business of life. Tens of thousands, probably, date their ruin, both temporal and spiritual, from the first visit to the play-house.

There is this apology, however, to be urged for Hamilton, that he went to the theatre as much with a view to artistic improvement in attitude and gesture, as to gratify his taste for fine declamation.

It was in the autumn of the same year that he received his last premonition, a heavy cold, which brought on bronchitis, too oft the precursor of consumption. This caused no serious alarm, but it soon became so troublesome to him through excessive coughing, that, from the commencement of the new year, he was prevailed on to remain at home until the return of milder weather, still continuing to walk out every fine day, and take other exercise. He strove hard for health, and tried perseveringly all the remedies which unwearied solicitude prescribed. At the engraving he still worked a little, and amused himself by painting and making sketches and designs for future use. In February, his voice failed and sank to a whisper, nor did he ever recover it more. This was a great privation, and one which, accompanied as it was by other alarming symptoms, might have warned us of the approach of the insidious destroyer, consumption. But although he declined in strength daily—though the delicate rose-bloom paled from his cheek, leaving in its stead the bright hectic spot, his eye sparkled

with unnatural lustre, and languor fettered every movement, we scarce even dreamed of a fatal issue. We felt sanguine that the spring would restore him again to vigour, and hoped for its early appearance in order to remove him to the country for change of air.

As for the dear boy himself, language cannot express his longing, his yearning for the return of that sweet season ; a dream of home to the dying captive, or of green dewy meads to the sea-sick voyager, could not be more refreshing than was the anticipation of May to him. He oftentimes repeated with heartfelt pathos this exquisite little gem by Macarthy, a copy of which I found in his pocket when his quiet heart knew no more “weary waitings” :—

“Ah ! my heart is ever waiting—

Waiting for the May—

Waiting for the pleasant rambles,

Where the pleasant hawthorn brambles,

With the woodbine alternating,

Scent the dewy way.

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting—

Waiting for the May.”

Whatever may have been the more serious reflections of his mind during this period of suspense, we were, by his habitual reserve on the subject, precluded from knowing. Presentiments he appeared to have had, vague undoubtedly though they were ; some imperfectly defined ideas of death in the abstract, or speculative sense, as the inevitable lot of

humanity, rather than any present identification of it with himself. He occupied himself some weeks in painting a small cabinet picture, which certainly cast a faint shadow of the advancing foe: "The Vanity of Human Life," he named it. The principal object in it is a human skull resting on a pile of time-eaten manuscripts, while surrounding it as accessories are a sword, a rosary, and an illuminated Romish missal. How many a solemn lesson may he have gathered from the hollow sockets and discoloured empty cell of the ghastly model, as day after day he studied it; and how many a sickening doubt and spasm of disappointed hope must have thrilled through him, as he felt the weakness increasing upon him, which might, perchance, hurry him to the tomb. His choice of such a gloomy subject was the more striking because he was naturally disposed to look only on the sunny side of life. From my intimate knowledge of his mind, I well knew that it had always been his most cherished ambition to achieve a work of super-excellence—to concentrate on some one object the full powers of his thought, ere bidding adieu to earth, be that event in youth or in age. He wished to execute a memento worthy to rescue from the dark tide of oblivion his name and memory; but time forebade. And let those who would condemn as vanity such thirst after posthumous fame, pause for a moment to analyze the justness of their verdict.

“Fame is the shade of immortality !”

Immortality ! the sweetest word ever murmured by mortal lips—the most glorious by angel. Immortality ! how shall it be defined. An endless life with God himself—a perpetual youth of bloom and freshness—a full realization of all the heart’s unsatisfied and ardent longings—an everlasting abode in the skies—and a perfect union of soul and body for ever. All this it signifies. To no one is the prospect of immortality more delightful and cheering than to an artist ; it is the goal for which the whole endeavours of his toiling, striving life are aiming. He hopes to grasp the future. Too often, alas ! his mistake is to woo the shadow fame, forgetful of her greater antitype, and thus the prize, when secured, proves naught more tangible than a fleeting triumph among equally frail fellow-mortals. The radiant colours fade imperceptibly from the eloquent canvas, and of the polished marble on which the sculptor proudly trusted he had chiseled an imperishable record of his genius, soon but an undistinguishable heap of dust remains.

“Why then doth flesh, a bubble glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vaine,
And reare a trophee for devouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his daies for ever should remaine ?
Sith all that in this world is great or gaie
Doth as a vapour vanish and decaie.”

Spenser.

Still the thirst for fame is irrepressible, insomuch as it is the natural exercise of the immortal principle ever restlessly struggling for expansion in our bosoms; a principle implanted by the Almighty himself, and which, by its very shadow, not only proves beyond a question the existence of a "better and an enduring substance" to come, but points the eagle-eye of faith to seek it. We each hope to be able to wake a tone of remembrance, and to thrill a chord in some beloved bosom after that we ourselves are gone; nor breathes there one, be he philosopher, stoic, or misanthrope, who can entertain pleasurably the thought of banishment to utter oblivion. This, then, is the wish for fame posthumous, real as is that of the artist, with but this distinction, that he, ennobling and expanding the desire, wishes to erect for himself a more illustrious and universal shrine from which may pour forth in magnificent Memnonian swell, an undying pæan of honour to his name.

Tupper sifts the matter wisely :

"The thoughtful loveth fame as an earnest of better immortality;
The industrious and deserving, as a symbol of just appreciation;
The selfish, as a promise of advancement, at least to a man's own kin;
And common minds, as a flattering fact that men have been told of their existence."

If for an artist to depart in the meridian of his days, his powers greeted by universal acclaim, and

his genius stamped on the vivid conceptions of his soul, be deemed a calamity, a grievous dispensation, what, then, must it be for the youthful enthusiast, the embryo-worshipper of art, to relinquish his long-treasured anticipations, and, with mission unaccomplished, turn silently away to take his dwelling in the darkness of the grave, the ideals of his imagination unfashioned, and with his sublimest aspirations just beginning to stir their unfledged wings within his breast? This may seem to be mere worldly reasoning, but it is not altogether such. Throughout the Bible, long life is promised to the righteous as a reward. It is said of wisdom, that "length of days is in her right hand;" and, besides, how pleasant must it be to sink to quiet slumber with the consciousness of having accomplished something for which the world will be the better and the wiser, something worthy our exalted parentage,

"And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

All this, my heart told me, felt our beloved boy; and often have I sympathized with the inward strife he must have endured, as he felt the graver and pencil lose their wonted vigorous touch in his relaxing hold. The last time but one that he attended divine service with me was on Christmas-day. We went to Trinity Church, and heard a very fine piece of oratory, with which he was much affected. Soon after, he declined going to church altogether, be-

cause he feared his cough would disturb the congregation. But his Sabbaths were not, therefore, vainly wasted; he read a great deal, and much was read to him by his friends; he was laying in a good store for the time of need. Thus, little by little, the Lord was weaning him from sublunary things, and smoothing the way before him. Day after day it became more painful to witness his feeble attempts to be busy; the last engraving block had to be taken from him nearly by force, and he even intended to carry some with him into the country to work on. The enlarged and brilliant eye, the bright death-roses blooming on his cheek, and the boding knell that ever accompanies them, confirmed our worst apprehensions that a fatal crisis was approaching; though he himself uniformly affirmed that he felt no serious pain, and that he needed but the genial, invigorating influences of May to perfectly restore him; nor could he scarcely, until his latest hour, be prevailed on to admit that he suffered at all. Never was there a month more longed for than May; but still, still she delayed her coming, and while she tarried, the burden of his song grew more desponding;

“Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,—

Waiting for the May;

Spring goes by with wasted warnings—

Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings—

Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,

Life still ebbs away.

Man is ever weary, weary,

Waiting for the May.”

One of his few remaining pleasures was to visit the Dusseldorf and American Art Union rooms, that he might feast his eyes on paintings which his own early summons denied him opportunity to emulate, and, perhaps, in the majority of cases, excel. On his return home from these strayings, his countenance would sometimes be overshadowed by melancholy, but ere long calmness resumed its accustomed sway. He seldom repined, and evidently strove to school himself to a meek, subdued resignation to whatever trials might be allotted him.

In one of the letters of Leopold Roberts, there is a passage replete with mournful pathos, which speaks the inmost experience of my brother:—

“I was so happy when I could work from the commencement of day until the night, from passion, not from duty. Alas! I have aspired to the things impossible; I am seized with the malady which attacks those who desire too much; and yet I have always loved the simple. A life calm and contemplative, is it not preferable to the raptures of an ambitious heart? I have read this night the Bible; and I have sought, in its sublime exhortations, a tranquillity which always flies me. Religion and nature are my two consolations.”

Here is the entire heart-history of thousands of young and gifted souls summed up in these few lines. All this time, as previously remarked, very little could be discerned of the secret workings of

Hamilton's heart, except that gathered from an increasing thoughtfulness, and more diligent study of the Holy Scriptures. His method of thinking on general topics also changed commensurately with his reading. Many of those illusory clouds which float in such glistening and fantastic beauty around the young, inexperienced imagination, were cleared away, and he began to see life in its sober, earnest guise, divested of the iris-hues that paint so deceptively. He seriously reviewed his past years, and, displeased with the retrospect, avowed a firm determination, when restored to health, to lead a new life—a life in which religion should be the governing rule of his actions.

CHAPTER IV.

“Thou leavest me not, though early life grows pale,
I am not darkly sinking to decay;
But, hour by hour, my soul’s dissolving shroud
Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.
I bless thee, O my God !”

At length, after a dreary and cold spring, May made her appearance, not accompanied with her appropriate garniture of sunny skies and the glad voices of reviving nature, but heavy with tears, meet emblems of the sorrow coming upon us. It rained continually through the month; and until the middle of it, when he was compelled by weakness to desist, he took refuge from his disappointment in painting. To judge from some of his remarks made at this time, a true sense of his situation seemed to be gradually dawning on his mind. Mamma, in order to sound his views, took an opportunity one day of conversing on the mutability of life, its vexing cares, empty fleeting honours, and unsatisfactory joys, and remarked that it might prove a blessing to him were he to be called away in the early freshness of existence, before the temptations and trials of the world came upon him. His mournful ejaculation, “Oh ! but it is so hard to give up my art !” showed

how fondly he yet clung to life. She told him that perhaps he made an *idol* of art, and that such being the case, the Lord might see it best to remove him from it. He said no more, but appeared to be much struck with the force of the idea. The disease progressed so rapidly that it had become at last a matter of conscience to acquaint him of his precarious state. So, cautiously and tenderly as possible, he was told that there remained but very faint, in fact, no hope of his recovery, and advised to turn his thoughts earnestly and at once to the momentous concerns of a better world. For a few moments he did not appear to comprehend what was said to him, but when the full meaning of it flashed upon him, he sank back in his chair, blanched as a lily. When he had a little recovered from the shock, he said in a faltering voice, "What shall I do? I wish I had died when an infant; when I try to pray, something crosses my mind, and unsettles it; I can't pray; I have never done one good thing in my whole life!" with many other expressions of acute distress. He was encouraged by the assurance that his wanderings of mind were but temptations of the evil one, and would not be accounted to him as wilful sins, for that the Saviour himself was keenly tried, being "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

He was asked if he had never suspected his danger. Sometimes he had, he said, though the impres-

sions were evanescent, and that latterly he had made up his mind, that if not recovered before the fall, there might then be ground for alarm, but not sooner. Alas ! for the ardent boy, with all the hopes of untied life clustering around him, for his prospects of fortune and professional fame were unusually bright, (already had he, notwithstanding his extreme youth, received several apparently advantageous offers to go to other cities,) how hard was it to tell him that but a few short weeks now remained to decide his destiny for time as well as for eternity ! The struggle in his heart was vehement, as he told me some time afterward, but it was short. From this day forward, his one steadfast purpose of soul was preparation for his great change ; although, like all victims of his flattering malady, not yet did he close utterly his ear to the melodious accents of the siren hope, or take death as a welcome guest to his bosom. On setting out with mamma for the country two days after, an experiment which was made more to satisfy him than through any hope of permanent improvement, he had carried along with him an easel, and sketching and painting materials, intending to take advantage of the scenery of the place where he was going. When arrived there, however, his strength proved inadequate to carry him farther than a few rods from the house, and after two fruitless attempts to sketch a picturesque bush which he fancied, he silently, and with affecting resignation gave up the en-

deavour, devoting his time for the remainder of his stay to meditation and reading. Before leaving home, he had requested me to place in his trunk, along with his Bible and prayer-book, *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*. Several passages through it are marked by his pencil, two of which are so beautiful and so appropriate that I am sure of being pardoned for here transcribing them :—

“How delightful is it to me to behold and study these inferior works of creation ! What a beautiful fabric do we here dwell in ; the floor so dressed with herbs, and flowers, and trees, and watered with springs and rivers ; the roof so widely expanded, so admirably adorned ! What wonders do sun, moon, and stars, seas and winds, contain ! And hath God prepared such a house for corruptible flesh, for a soul imprisoned ? and doth he bestow so many millions of wonders upon his enemies ? Oh, what a dwelling must that be which he prepares for his dearly beloved children, and how will the glory of the New Jerusalem exceed all the present glory of the creatures ! Arise, then, O my soul, in thy contemplation, and let thy thoughts of that glory as far exceed in sweetness thy thoughts of the excellencies below ! Fear not to go out of this body and this world, when thou must make so happy a change ; but say, as one did when he was dying, ‘ I am glad, and even leap for joy, that the time is come in which that mighty Jehovah, whose majesty in my search

of nature I have admired, whose goodness I have adored, whom by faith I have desired and panted after, will now show himself to me face to face.'"

The next marked passage must have been a transcript of Hamilton's own personal experience—its pathos is exquisite:—

"Lord, thou hast reserved my perfect joys for heaven; therefore, help me to desire till I may possess, and let me long when I cannot, as I would, rejoice. O my soul, thou knowest, to thy sorrow, that thou art not yet at thy rest. When shall I arrive at that safe and quiet harbour where there are none of these storms, waves, and dangers; when I shall never more have a weary, restless night or day! Then my life will not be such a mixture of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow; nor shall flesh and spirit be combating within me; nor faith and unbelief, humility and pride, maintain a continual conflict. Oh, when shall I be past these soul-tormenting fears, and cares, and griefs? when shall I be out of this soul-contradicting, ensnaring, deceitful flesh; this corruptible body, this vain, vexatious world?"

In a conversation with his mother respecting the objects of his former almost boundless admiration, the great masters, he said, "Mamma, I had hoped, if I lived, to have become a great man in my profession; but the Lord knows best: it is better for me to go now, for I might have been carried away by the world, and been lost for ever!"

And at another time, when, on going up to his room, he was so exhausted as to be obliged to sit down on the floor to rest, he said, with a deep sigh, "Perhaps it is better that I go now, for I might go out into the world and lose my soul."

Now were reaped the fruits of his infancy and childhood's teachings, a fair harvest from precious seed—seed never sown in vain. The golden precepts of his early years, as doves, when the shadows of eve begin to fall, flock home to the dove-cots, came thronging from the dim retreats of memory where they had long lay hidden away, and revived in pristine influence. The Morning and Evening Hymns of Bishop Ken, which Hamilton esteemed as the gems of the Common Prayer collection, not alone for their deep beauty and fervour, but also for the associations connected with the period when he had learned them, he one day requested mamma to read again for him, observing,

"Mamma, I love them, because you taught them to me when I was young!"

How sad it must be for those unhappy ones who have no such resources of memory to fall back upon, in the restless days and long sleepless nights which often precede dissolution.

I availed myself of his absence from the city to request the prayers of St. ——'s church on his behalf, and informed him of it in a letter which was also made the vehicle of communicating to him the

many thoughts and solitudes on his account that delicacy had deterred me from expressing in his presence. He read the letter silently through with many tears, a show of feeling very foreign to the outward stoicism of manner to which he had endeavoured to discipline himself. This stern stoicism, to say the best of it, is a painful course of nature-crushing training, the benefits resulting from which, though Southey declared them to be numerous, will never be found to compensate for the amount of suffering incurred in the hardening process.

As soon as he had finished it, he caused mamma to prop him up in an easy-chair, and place paper before him, and with extreme difficulty penned hurriedly the following answer. It was the first letter I had ever had an opportunity of receiving from him, and its contents were a pleasure beyond any that I had ventured to hope. It is introduced in this place because containing a clear portraiture of his mind at the time of writing. The hitherto hermetically-sealed fountains of his heart were unclosed, and flowed forth without restraint.

“Thursday Morning, June 13th.

“*My dear Sister*:—I received your kind, *kind* letter a little while ago, and cannot rest till I have an opportunity of thanking you most earnestly for it; it is indeed a balm unto my soul. The blessed promises you mention, I have often thought of. I have tried to do as you told me, my dear sister. I read

the Bible myself, and have mamma to read it to me at night. Baxter's Saints' Rest is a cheering, consoling book to one in my condition. I shall never forget that delightful chapter you read for me the last Sunday I was with you.

"It was kind in you, my dear sister, to send to Dr. W——, and I thank you sincerely for it. You may imagine how I miss the presence of you, my sweet sister, for whom my love increases every hour. I am grieved that you are so lonely; I have prayed to God night and morning that you might not be so. Try and be contented.

"How kind and good in you, dear sister, to appreciate my difficulties in having to throw off the world so soon in life. It is a hard, hard struggle to think of resigning my beloved art when I have only just begun to see its beauties. But not my will, but thine be done, O Lord! I humbly say. Mamma cannot see this as you do. She thinks it as easy for a young person to renounce the world as for an old one. You can understand me when I say I think it is *not*. We always understood each other, and had the same feelings.

"The text you mention as having been the subject of the sermon on Sunday is very appropriate to my case. I am, indeed, 'a brand plucked from the burning.' He that doeth all things well was pleased to arrest me in my course of foolishness and wickedness, and, I humbly trust, with a desire to save my

soul. I would have progressed still farther in sin, which might have ruined me for ever.

“What a happy thought that is of yours about our future rambles by the pleasant rivers of the land of peace, after Christ has led us through the dark valley. Dear sister, this poetical idea (I can’t help loving poetry) will be my joy for many a day. Forgive and forget the many times I have grieved you, dear. * * * * *

“I do not think hard of you for having told me of my danger. I had often suspected it before, but I thank you for having directed my attention to the Book of Light. It gives me comfort more and more every day. ‘He that cometh unto me I will in *no* wise cast out.’ I hope our blessed Lord will be my Shepherd through the dark shadows.

“When I hear of so many sudden deaths, and see people grown up and old without having any sense of their condition, should I not be thankful to have such a dear sister and mother, and friends to attend and comfort me? This is a merciful blessing.

“How nice it would be, sister, if we could go to our own church together! I would attend to the service as I had never done before; but, sweet sister, this, I am afraid, can never be. I have no fallacious hopes of recovery, but you will never forget me while there with your little red book.*

* A present from himself.

“Pray, my dear, that I may soon attain that peace which the world cannot give, as I do for you. You must not be sad at my letter. Yours you misnomer a wretched scrawl. If this can give you one hundredth part the comfort it did me, (but it cannot,) I shall be glad.

“I will close my letter in the hope of seeing you soon : so I continue your loving brother,

“HAMILTON COATES.”

The day following, mamma wrote to say that the beloved invalid had as yet derived no benefit from the change of air, and was very desirous to return home without delay. It was the instinct yearning in every bosom, to breathe out the latest sigh among those it most loves. As he entered the house, he embraced me warmly, but in silence, and that night, as I was reading to him, after he had retired, the hymn, “Lord, with glowing heart I’ll praise thee,” I knew he was in tears.

And now the most momentous phase in his character was effected—a spiritual transformation. The world, with its honours, allurements, and hopes, was thrust resolutely aside, with the decision and firmness which had always characterized him ; and in the unreserving relinquishment of the interests of time, for which only divine grace can give strength, the great agony of death for him was past. From the time of his return home from the country, the

last lingering ray of earthly hope was extinguished in his heart; now he was conscious that every means had been tried to prolong his life, and ineffectually. No longer creeping along insidiously in ambush, but boldly and in his true colours, Death the grim tyrant stood out, brandishing his gloomy banner of conquest. But he failed to terrify the young believer, for whom his power had been vanquished by Him

“ Who captive led captivity,
Who robb’d the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from death !”

The gradual change of Hamilton’s tastes in literature during his decline, the latter part of it especially, is worthy of note. Shakspeare had ever been the cynosure of his fancy from childhood, and had gained such a dominion over his mind, that when mamma, some time in the winter, regretted to him his having spent so much time formerly in reading and committing to memory his works to the probable exclusion of more serious matter, he replied with uncommon warmth, that he could have read nothing better, for that in real religion and instruction, the writings of Shakspeare were second only to the Bible. She told him, that, although pleasing, entertaining, and even instructive, as she would grant they might be in health, yet he would find in a dying hour, when the soul was about to obey the summons to meet its Judge, that they could impart

neither light nor consolation. The subject was dropped for the time, but on her reminding him of it a few weeks previous to his departure, he said, as if awaking from a dream, "I have never thought of it since!" A striking proof of his complete abandonment of all worldly wisdom while in absorbing search after the pearl of great price.

Shakspeare so entirely lost all influence over him as soon as a better light dawned, that when, a few days before he died, I began to recite the first lines of that solemn passage from the *Tempest*,

"And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind ;"—

and paused for him to take it up and proceed, as was his custom, he merely corrected me, mechanically as it were, in a mistake, but gave no encouragement to continue. Even during his last night on earth, looking earnestly at me without a word having previously been spoken on the subject, he said, "Sister, I have not thought of Shakspeare for six weeks : I tell you this because I know it will please you." Dear ingenuous boy, every satisfaction, every assurance that might tend to console us, he exerted himself to afford. It may be thought that undue stress is laid on this love for the prince of poets,

whose sublime and superb genius far be it from me, or any one else, to decry; but I only mention it to illustrate how fully he was enabled to overcome every obstacle in the way of complete dedication of spirit, and cast off the slightest influence that might impede his progress to the Celestial City.

Book after book began to be discarded; Byron's dangerously subtle works, with the exception of some portions of *Childe Harold*, and the beautiful lyrics, he had long ago renounced; old beloved authors were laid aside to make way for strictly religious ones; until, at last, when asked what book should be read to him, his emphatic answer would be, "*The Bible of course!*" Like Sir Walter Scott, who, when on his death-bed, replied to one who inquired what book he wanted, "Why, there is but *one book!*"

"That lamp

Which God threw from his palace down to earth,
To guide his wandering children home."

That glorious revelation of light, in which are hid all treasures of wisdom and knowledge, illumined with brilliance unwavering Hamilton's path through the otherwise dark and dreadful valley of death, so that he walked on with confidence. Next to the Bible came the Book of Common Prayer, and the fine selection of hymns contained in it. He was an intelligent lover of the Church of England, and revered her no less for her thousands of burning

and shining lights—her hosts of martyrs and noble spirits who are the glory and monuments of Christendom—than for the dignified grandeur, beauty, and comprehensive simplicity of her ritual.

Through the fortnight preceding his dissolution, we had many interesting conversations about that country to which he was going, and about its holy society, of which I can only recall fragments; indeed, his conversation for the last few weeks was altogether fragmentary. He was reminded that he would have the privilege of entering heaven not entirely a stranger, as there were already assembled in it a large number of his own relatives and friends who would doubtless joyfully recognise him on his arrival. He acquiesced with pleasure in the idea. The choice of associates among those whom he should meet was then dwelt on, for although we are well-assured that an atmosphere of general harmony pervades the kingdom above, yet it is perfectly consistent with reason to infer, from the predilections and current of the affections here, that a particular and individual love will exist there also. Why should we not believe this? Kindred spirits naturally seek each other's society on earth, and as the nature of the soul changes not, so in like manner will they fly to embrace those of assimilating character in heaven.

Hamilton thought over a number of the old worthies, objects of his cherished veneration, philoso-

phers, divines, poets, and painters, whom he had no doubt of meeting above. Among such were Milton, Bunyan, Luther, Ken, Dr. Watts—name ever linked with all that is angelic and lovely, and who, even had he bequeathed to posterity no richer legacy than the hymn, “There is a land of pure delight,” deserves our lasting gratitude, for the fragrance of flowers immortal floats around it,—and good Baxter, whose precious work, *The Saint’s Rest*, Hamilton prized so highly that when he was preparing to go to the country, he substituted it in lieu of Wordsworth’s poems, and some other new books previously selected. Throughout the ages of eternity he must remember the sweet solace he received from it, and also from the *Dying Thoughts* of the same author, which were read to him when near the closing hour.

Neither were his ancient favourites, Johnson and Addison, forgotten; and particularly did he mention Kirke White, between whose character and his own there existed a singular affinity, as another from whose society he anticipated great pleasure. His letters Hamilton regarded as being some of the finest specimens of epistolary correspondence extant, and not by any means inferior in either piety or genius to his poetry. Such choice spirits he was delighted to believe would be his intimate companions for evermore. Still true to the instinct of his heart, the chief gratification he expected to derive from the society of co-immortals was in a familiarity

with the great artists of all eras, ancient or modern. Pointing to a drawing by himself, of Michael Angelo, I asked if he expected to meet him in heaven. Yes, he said, he did hope to, for that the strongest testimonies could be adduced in favour of his sterling, sincere piety; that the tenor of the whole career of the unrivalled master of art had been of a devotional character; and that, making due allowance for the bigotry and darkness of the period in which he flourished, he had displayed numerous indisputably Christian traits. It was related of him, that when about to undertake a new work, he invariably dedicated it by solemn prayer to the Almighty, invoking his aid, and that he would grant his blessing and inspiration on the creations of his pencil or chisel. And was it probable that such a man could be lost?

But in respect to Raffaelle, the co-luminary in art of Michael Angelo, he thought the prospect more dubious and gloomy; and what a pity it was that a being endowed with his transcendent genius and exquisite conceptions, should have abandoned himself, in his very zenith of glory, an unhappy captive to a course of dissipation, destructive alike, it is to be feared, to soul and body?

But there was a brilliant galaxy of others, who, while occupied with heart and hand in as ardent and intense pursuit of the beautiful and lofty, forgot not to glorify the Bestower of their gifts by consecrating them to his honour by every means of demonstra-

tion possible. Among those worthy children of art, he reckoned Albert Durer, Flaxman, Bacon, Collins, the eccentric Blake, and latterly, one, the echo of whose footsteps has not long ceased its vibrations in our midst, Thomas Cole, the painter of the voluminous picture, *The Voyage of Life*, a series of scenes which cannot fail to convey to a contemplative mind a solemn and salutary lesson. What an inspiring consciousness it is to those who believe in the perpetuity and indestructibility of genius, that the men, who, while on this lower sphere, thus dedicated to noble purposes the strivings of their higher nature, and bore up on their own eagle pinions the souls of others less munificently gifted, are now satisfying their thirst for the true and beautiful at the ever-living fount of excellence!

In like manner, for the last two or three weeks that he was with us, Hamilton accustomed himself to a contemplation of the eternal world, and so brought it and its denizens before our minds, that we felt often as if in company with one no longer of earth, and forbore as much as possible any reference to worldly affairs in his presence as things entirely out of place. It was indicative of his resignation and willing acquiescence in the will of God, that he never alluded to art as relative to himself, or spoke of the blight of all his earthly ambitions. On account of the loss of his voice in the winter, and the excessive debility which prevented him from

exerting himself, he was unable to express his sentiments with the force and perspicuity which must have been expected were circumstances more favourable. Sometimes it was difficult to catch distinctly his whispered and hesitating words.

His most esteemed authors, merely secular, he rarely mentioned; and the silence was the more remarkable for that his memory was well stored with ancient and modern verse which he had been accumulating from infancy. There is a touching little poem by poor Sir Walter Raleigh, written by that amiable but unfortunate gentleman in the prospect of immediate execution, that Hamilton particularly admired, and loved to repeat in a sort of *sotto-voce* manner which he indulged in when musing over favourite poetry. As it is seldom, I believe, to be met with in an unabridged state, some lovers of quaint old lore may possibly be gratified by finding it here:—

My Pilgrimage.

GIVE me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy—immortal diet!
My bottle of salvation—
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
While my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth toward the land of heaven,
No other balm will here be given.

Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains—
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill;
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after that will thirst no more.

The retentive quality of Hamilton's memory was remarkable; what he read or heard once he seldom forgot. This caused him to be our common book of reference; for, were we at any time uncertain of the exact reading of a fine passage, or of its authentic authorship, or of the date of any great event, or of any occurrence in the history of a distinguished individual, as his birth, death, or other detail, we had only to appeal to Hamilton; he was our oracle. He appeared, as was often said of him in jest, to carry in his head a chronological chart, and it was ever a puzzle to me how he could possibly retain such a heterogeneous mass of the minutiae of reading. One word misplaced in a quotation from a favourite author, he would instantly detect; and, indeed, his sharpness in this respect rendered his *surveillance* often very annoying.

His freedom from one very prevalent and fashionable foible was worthy of imitation—he never exaggerated. In relating an incident or anecdote, he confined himself strictly to the plain letter, without the least false colouring or fancy romancing of his

own; and in every thing he did or thought, this valuable principle of exactitude was predominant. Once, when a very little fellow, he came home from church in tribulation, because the organist had, as he declared, played a wrong note. But in painting, more especially, this excess of critical acumen elevated his standard of excellence to such an altitude, that it seemed almost hopeless to aim to reach it. Had he continued long on earth, his life would doubtless have proved a wasting, continuous conflict—a battle between the irreconcilable influences of the real and the ideal; one moment being forced by circumstances to take ground with the one, and anon flying with lealty of soul to the other. In spite of his most earnest struggles, the achievement would never gain upon and possess the object of pursuit. Before his flight to the land of perennial art and science, however, his views changed, and in every feeling overbearing, sarcastic, or otherwise uncharitable, he softened beneath the bright gracious rays of the Sun of righteousness to the most winning gentleness.

It must not be supposed, nevertheless, that a judicious exercise of critical skill can or ought to be dispensed with as an artistic qualification, either in connoisseurship or in professional practice. On the contrary, it is of paramount importance that a keenly scrutinizing judgment be exerted in order to obtain that correct estimate of talent, without which

even the noblest and rarest *chef d'œuvre* of art, whether it be in its exquisite proportion of outline and elaborate finish, the production of laborious talent, or the extemporaneous effusion of more inspired genius, may be suffered through lack of appreciation to pass neglected and unnoticed. Merit, to be rightly judged and prized, has to be weighed in a nicely-poised balance. Often

“One noble stroke with a whole life may glow.”

There are two classes of censors with whom it is the misfortune of the artist to be compelled to contend. The first is composed of that race of presumptuous beings, who, having no disposition for a fitting employment of their abilities, strive to elevate themselves in the eyes of the world by arrogantly usurping the office of umpires of art while yet ignorant of its primary principles. These pseudo-magnates, though it cannot be denied that in their way they cause a sort of irritating trouble, an artist of independent soul can afford to shake off with trivial notice. But not so the other tribe, which is of a far more mischievous complexion; for too frequently, beneath the guise of fair unbiassed criticism, envy, malicious and caustic, governs the fastidious critic; who, perchance, in his whirl of egotism, sweeps ruthlessly with withering fiat over a dozen prominent beauties, to pounce with merciless talons on one obscure little blemish, the real purpose of which may

be, after all, but to heighten the perfection of *chiaro scuro*, the potent principle in every art. Ah, then, if he be so lucky as to spy out a tiny weakness, how clamorous is he in the endeavour to cripple the wing and ruffle the plumage of his victim! who, Achilles-like, may be vulnerable only in the heel, or most unnoticeable portion of his work.

“The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,” saith the wise man; and every-day experience illustrates the more clearly the force of the proverb. One depreciative or sarcastic remark, and that too from a person whose opinion may be utterly worthless, may have power to crush genius of bright promise, even to the dust; as one blessed word of generous praise and encouragement will often gladden a drooping spirit till it soars and sings with the exulting rapture of the lark as she mounts to hail the advent of the orient king. It is an established axiom that the *great* artist will always be the more indulgent judge, his own experience causing him to duly estimate the efforts of another. Would you have your works and genius magnanimously appreciated, and to the utmost? solicit, then, confidently the scrutiny and opinion of experienced judges; for from such, and such alone, may you obtain a truthful criticism and the happiness of sympathetic communion.

The Fine Arts prove themselves to be pre-eminently social in this respect, that they are ever

soliciting companionship—communion ; and because that never do we experience such all-sufficing delight in them as when surrounded by beings whose hearts chime unisonant, and fancies blend harmoniously with our own. The lay of the nightingale is ever more melodious when audited by its mate.

There is, however, a time when solitude is necessary. On first approach to any object of unendorsed *vertu*, it is expedient, nay, indeed, absolutely essential toward forming a correct estimate of its merits, that we be entirely alone, in order that the attention be undisturbed, undistracted ; for, whether we spring toward the new candidate for admiration in the freshness of enthusiastic welcome, the spirit of kind geniality that joys in awarding eulogium, or draw nigh with the stealthy pace of a cautious, fault-searching critic, there is always a sort of misty spell enveloping a first view or hearing, that demands for its clear penetration a complete concentration of thought—an abstractedness that a step, a word, a breath, may roughly discompose and dissipate. We must grapple with our intellectual challenger *alone* —*alone* must conquer it, and *alone* securely cage it, ere we can earn the ability and right to exhibit its beauties, or expatiate upon its peculiarities to even our twin-soul. But the grand ordeal once over—the judgment once firmly established—then, then it is that we earnestly call for participation in our treasure, for the presence of kindred

thinkers to whom we may impart the new-found acquisition. There is no miserliness in true art. Like the sun, it dispenses its brightest beams alike over all. According to its code, a pleasure unshared is no pleasure at all. The iteration of even the most enchanting strain waxes dull, and palls upon the sense, unless an echo be awakened in the direction of the heart's desire and summons.

When a singular, noble thought springs up into new-born life within the mind, restless, panting, and impatient, it walks, with resounding tread, up and down the solemn, silent Temple of the Soul, demanding egress, that it may impart its electric influence to others and sue for reciprocity. Immure a thought, no matter how vigorous and magnificent it may be, in selfish seclusion, and it perishes for want of action, for the soul can no more flourish without exercise than can the body. And what delight hath life, compared with reciprocity of sentiment? It is a cordial for its heaviest woes, a precious salve for the deepest wounds of the heart, and an all-compensating reward of its intensest struggles—as non-appreciation and neglect are the sorest pangs which the spirit can undergo.

When, after straining every power to accomplish some great thing which, mayhap, shall strike home to the fervently coveted heart of a beloved one, and enkindle within it a respondent glow of sympathy

and love, the effort proves futile, who can describe the anguish of the poor hoper, upon whom the whole burden of his accumulated offerings of hopes, desires, longings, and affections is, trampled on and withered, hurled scornfully back ! Ah ! many a fount of bitterness hath life bubbling up throughout its diversified journey, but none like unto this. What wonder that the stricken one, gasping with unassuaged thirst, turns away exclaiming, in tones of despair, *Marah ! Marah !*

The greatest efforts of mind are lost, wasted, except they have an individual aim ; the mere generalizer but rarely accomplishes any thing worthy of note. Genius *never* bends a random bow ; there is always a choice prize which it secretly determines to secure. Singleness of motive is invariably necessary to insure sublime results. The truly politic orator, though he seem to address with equal personality every member of the promiscuous assemblage before him, in *reality* urges his argument upon a prominent few, or, perhaps, even one auditor in the crowd, whom he has selected. Petrarch smelted his burning soul into lays for one, Laura, careless of all others ; the musician pours forth his most impassioned harmonies in an absorbing thought of the adored one, as did Beethoven for his faithless, cruel idol, Adelaide ; and the ardent painter, working in momentary obliviousness of fame, leaves, as his

proudest monument, the semblance of his bosom's queen.

On the loftiest summit of the heart's altar, genius offers his gift of love; and though the rich incense be consecrated to but one alone—the spirit-love—yet may the multitude also be free partakers in the fragrant perfumes that float from off it.

To elucidate our meaning more fully: the mind requires a cynosure to look up to, both for encouragement and reward. There never yet was a piece of music composed, a picture painted, a poem written, a statue chiseled, worthy immortal fame, without a special reference and mental inscription to some being preferred above all others; and if no such real presence existed, an ideal was created, endowed with all the desired qualifications.

We all feel this to be true, especially all who have laboured in the pleasant, yet toilsome field of authorship. Therefore, if the cherished umpire turns coldly away from the labour of love, and refuses to bestow upon it the expected and well-earned meed of recompense, from henceforth to the artist his work is utterly valueless; its fine gold has become dross.

Benjamin West affirmed that his mother's kiss made him a painter, and numbers of others might relate a corresponding history.

Now, a blessing ever rest on those gracious hearts,

and we joy that there are a few of such among us, who are ever ready to pour with unchary hand the cordial of sympathy into the bosom of neglected worth, that it may revive with its grateful warmth the dying embers of hope. Homage, free and spontaneous, paid to genius, always argues a kindred spirit and talent in the payer, insomuch as homage is the sublimest act of appreciation.

Nay! even a sentence of condemnation on a production, if it be *necessary* to pronounce it, may be so softened by a kindly and delicate manner as to not only avoid wounding the just pride and sensitiveness of the one incurring it, but even prove of ultimate value to him, by arousing up latent powers and energies, which otherwise might have for ever slumbered unknown even to himself. The prevailing character of the gospel throughout is love, kindness, and even *politeness* to all men. How forbearing and gentle was He to his insulting and bitter enemies! When, in parable, he rebuked the disrespectful guest who came to the feast without having on the indispensable wedding-garment, did he do it with harshness? No! the mild address was prefaced with "Friend." Even Abraham, from his abode of bliss, called poor lost Dives by the kind appellation, "Son." As to courtesy, probably no more delicate and courtly compliments are on record than those paid by Paul to the various dignitaries and indi-

viduals whom he addressed. His apologies are deferential and polished to an extreme; and his reproofs, while they are, many of them, couched in phrase severely pungent, yet contain not a single inelegant or opprobrious epithet. With those elevated examples before us, what a pity it is that we do not more aim to copy from them in suavity and charity!

CHAPTER V.

“For your nobler part,
Ere disencumber’d of her mortal chains,
Doubt shall be quell’d and trouble chased away ;
With only such degree of sadness left
As may support longings of pure desire ;
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave.”

Wordsworth.

FOR Hamilton the fashion of this world had passed for ever away, and every function of his soul was aroused in lively vigour to secure the “one thing needful.” At times his fears would outrun his hopes, and then his dread was lest the promises of God might not be for him, great sinner as he was. Once, when thus desponding, mamma, to comfort him, reminded him of his past exemplary life ; that he had always been a good boy and a dutiful son, and that his conduct had been irreproachable, compared with that of many of his acquaintance. He shook his head sadly : “That was negative goodness.” His theological views (if, indeed, he had any decided ones) underwent a thorough revolution. The doctrines of original and inherent sin, and of the total helplessness of man to extricate himself unaided from the entanglements of a fallen nature,

which, while in health, he had been offended at as being humiliating to our moral dignity, he now gladly embraced as the root and ground of the Christian faith. There was no sentimentality in his religion, nor transcendental visions of a Paradise which exists but in the imaginations of deluded dreamers—a heaven into which all are to be admitted, the good and bad, pure and impure, without reference to either personal holiness or preparatory faith in the Redeemer.

As the golden sands of time ran out, his ardour for heavenly knowledge became more and more insatiable. He would sit for an hour at a time apart, apparently asleep, with his little pocket Testament, the last gift of a deceased Sabbath-school teacher, clasped in his thin, transparent hands ; but on being spoken to would answer, “I am not asleep ; I have a great deal to think of !” Mamma read to him the parable of the lost sheep, Luke xv. 4—7, and explained its application in his case, assuring him that he had the strongest encouragement to hope every thing from the love of the Shepherd, who not only left the other ninety-and-nine sheep in the wilderness to go himself in search of his strayed one, but, when he had found it, instead of driving it with just anger back to the flock as the cause of so much trouble, laid it tenderly on his shoulder, rejoicing, and called his friends and neighbours together that they might be partakers of his joy.

Hamilton at once caught up the illustration, and from that moment identified himself with the lost and recovered sheep; he ever after loved the thrilling metaphor, and often alluded to it.

Another beautiful relative passage is, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." John x. 11. Early one morning, not long after the last-mentioned conversation, he turned to mamma, who was sitting by his bed, and said, with the trustfulness of a child, "I am his sheep, and I love him, and know he will not let me be lost." It is strange to mark what a quickener of the perceptions death is. Passages with which he had been orally familiar from the time he could speak, were now become as entirely new to him as if heard for the first time.

When he had been home a few days, I went for the Rev. Dr. W——, who immediately returned with me. In conversing with Hamilton, he at once entered upon the solemn subject of death, and quoted the famous proverb of the ancients, "Whom the gods love die young." On this saying he expatiated for some length of time, remarking that if early death was thus esteemed a blessing by those shrouded in the disheartening gloom of paganism, how much more ought it to be prized by us who are illumined by the full radiance of the gospel light. Hamilton was deeply interested, as could be told by his quivering lips and suffused eyes. Dr. W—— could not

have sounded a tone more in consonance with his mind, had he known him intimately for years, for he spoke to him of the themes which he best loved to dwell on—of the eternal expansion of the soul in heaven—and of the true destiny of art and genius ; and, above all, of Him who has purchased such excellent and glorious immortality for us by the sacrifice of himself. Before he left him, he prayed with the dear boy, and encouraged him with a hope of eternal happiness.

It had been a favourite project of Hamilton's that he and his sister should together, at a favourable opportunity, have the pleasure of visiting other lands across the great waters ; and it had often afforded him much amusement to talk about it, and devise plans as to when and how we might best be enabled to accomplish our desire. But now all these treasured anticipations were inevitably frustrated ; and, ever unselfish, the sole deep regret he expressed was on account of my deprivation by the loss of himself. I could not refrain from telling him one day, when he was lamenting for me, that for him there would be no disappointment at all ; for that, ere long, his most ardent wishes to behold the world would be realized in more extensive prospects than he had ever imagined or dreamed of ; that very soon his disenthralled spirit would find laid open before its gaze (if, indeed, such trifles were able to attract it) all the countries of the

globe, with their riches of genius and glories of art; and that soon his brightened vision would, in an instant of time, scan illimitable and boundless views which were never achieved by the life's research of the greatest and most indefatigable of earth's travellers.

Is it not a wonderful and solemn thought that the hieroglyphed piles of gloomy Egypt—the sculptured marbles of classic Greece—the crumbling ruins of the voiceless City of the Desert—the gorgeous temples of paganism, with their mysterious myths and symbols—the magnificent works of the City on Seven Hills—the picturesque beauties of sunny Italy—the terrible, dark secrets of Vesuvius, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, with the innumerable buried wrecks of things which were—and, in short, the myriad marvels of earth, of ocean, and of fire—is it not, in truth, a wonderful and solemn reflection that all these stupendous creations, which, despite his keenest longings and most intense endeavour to do so, never yet did his span of life suffice one man time to rest his eyes upon, a disembodied spirit may catch at a glance? Many willingly undergo indescribable privations, toils, perils, nay, and even hazard life itself, to behold but a single far-famed miracle of nature or of art,—while a happy soul, freed from the mortal coil, has but to exercise an act of mental volition and poise its immortal wing, and, lo! the kingdoms of

the earth, in their transitory grandeur and beauty, are spread before its sight.

Ah ! how futile, at the best, is our proud creature skill ; how little can our most earnest efforts bring to pass below ! One who courted the world's favour long and assiduously leaves us this warning :

“Too low they build, who build beneath the stars !”

Hamilton's singularly sweet equanimity was an example to all. Hearing one of the family speak in rather hasty tones to another, he remonstrated,

“You ought to try to overcome yourself. I had a very bad temper once, but I prayed to the Lord, and he has enabled me to conquer it.”

Such was his profiting by that important lesson of the Saviour, “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Matt. xviii. 3. It had been applied to his spirit, and he fully exemplified it in his deportment ; for he had indeed become, as all must who hope for salvation, like unto a guileless child in humility and love. The victory gained over his natural disposition was by no means a light one ; for formerly he had been too much self-relying, and had been governed by a pride of intellect that almost spurned control, and which made him sometimes rather intolerant toward the imperfections and foibles of others, although never was he guilty of wantonly wounding the feelings or prejudices of any one, however hum-

ble,—his native magnanimity of soul forbade it. He also possessed in a large degree that master infirmity of refined minds, extreme sensitiveness, at once their blessing and their bane ; for while it attunes them to an exquisite susceptibility of all that is beautiful and ennobling, it entails the counteracting misery of rendering them correspondingly alive to every repulsive and distressing influence. Thus it was, that an ill-natured or rude remark had power to cut him to the quick ; and at such provocation his first impulse would be resentment and retaliation, for which he wielded an able weapon in his deep vein of satire. But his anger soon melted away, and the offence was forgotten. These traits were tempered and disguised by a modest and winning demeanour, that rendered him a general favourite wherever he went. His natural reserve, however, caused him to rather shrink from than court observation, and also to be difficult of access in the finer emotions of the heart, especially in those relating to religion.

But all that was unamiable in his character underwent a change. The proud, shy boy disappeared beneath the graces of the humble, heavenly-minded believer. He became mild, docile, patient, and overflowing with gratitude for the slightest attentions shown him. Never, up to his latest breath, was he surprised by weakness or pain into even a momentary deviation from the bearing of a gentleman. A tenderness of heart was always a distinguishing feature

in his character. If he were able to afford assistance, never did an unfortunate fellow-being appeal to him in vain. Only a few days before he died, when, supposing him to be asleep, the case of a poor miserable man who had been at the door happened to be mentioned in the room, he started round anxiously on his pillow, and demanded of the speaker, "Well, what did you give him?"

Any one reading the admirable memoir of Wilberforce, son of the Rev. Legh Richmond, may readily trace an analogy between his character and that of Hamilton. The resemblance is close from the beginning to the end of life, allowing for the difference of habits and professional destination; more particularly in their respective religious reserve may it be noticed. Hamilton observed one day, while listening to the fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, that the sixth beatitude, "*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,*" was his motto,—he had adopted it. And surely its benign influences were shown in him, for, even before his spiritual change, a more refined and pure mind it was rare to meet. From the slightest taint of impurity or impiety he shrank back, and at once abandoned the society where he detected it, no matter what counter-attractions it boasted. By the restraining grace of God, he had retained a measure of the innocence of childhood. But all this, as he himself emphatically declared, was only *negative*

goodness, and could never avail one jot toward rescuing him from eternal perdition.

The gem of the Psalms, the twenty-third, was his chief favourite, and admirably adapted it was to his need. In it there is also continual reference to the Shepherd in whose guidance he trusted.

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

“He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”

Over this verse he pondered much, until at last he asked for an explanation of it, whether it meant that the dread vale must be traversed before or after death. He seemed to have been alarmed by the fear of a contact with spiritual foes when dismissed from the body.

The fiery ordeal of temptation which so sorely tried poor Wilberforce Richmond not long before he died, Hamilton was mercifully spared from. Some of Wilberforce’s language is very painful. “Oh papa, what will become of me? I am going into the dark valley *alone*. Jesus has left me; it is all dark, dark, dark. The rod and the staff do not support me. Satan fights hard for me, and he will carry me away at last.”

While I was absent from home one day, mamma read this account to Hamilton, and it must have seriously disturbed him, for when, on my return, I asked him whether I should begin the memoir and read it through ; he replied, hastily, "No, mamma read a part of it, just read about how he died !" He was satisfied to learn that Wilberforce fell asleep in peace and sweet hope. But the last verse of the Psalm was the crowning glory :—"Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

He has been heard during the night, when he supposed all others to be asleep, repeating, "Goodness and mercy *have* followed me all the days of my life,"—making the alteration to suit his own experience. The forty-second Psalm was another that he loved : "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

There is a noble versification of it by Bishop South, which Hamilton preferred to all others. Of a friend who spoke sadly about his approaching sleep in the grave, he said, "M—— always looks *into* the grave, instead of *beyond* it," alluding to a sentiment of Baxter, who chimed in harmoniously with the key-note of his feelings.

Some of the most distressing concomitants of consumption are its frequent vacillations—its seasons of mental depression. Once, after a silence of some duration, he said to me, "Do you think God will

cast me off?" And again, when questioned about the state of his mind, he answered, "Sometimes I am very happy, and at others much depressed."

But no matter how great his despondency was, a sweet serenity could be soon diffused over his mind by repeating to him some of the promises in Isaiah, and the gospel of St. John, particularly the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters, which contain such consolations and encouragements for the weary and sinking soul. It seems as if the Bible can never be truly understood until read and studied in a dying chamber; new interpretations then flash forth in all the vividness of inspiration. At no other time do the Psalms especially shine out in such illimitable sublimity, pathos, and grandeur, as when brought forward to minister consolation in the last hour.

In one of his dejected moments, Hamilton appeared troubled how to test the sincerity of his repentance. It was suggested by a friend that he might do so by examining himself whether, if he were to be restored to health, he would determine steadily to live to the service of God. He reflected a minute, and replied, "I think so."

The doctrine of guardian angels was to him a pleasant one—the belief that beatified spirits may be permitted to watch over and defend their friends still on earth. Nor is this theory merely a speculative or visionary one, for the sacred Scriptures clearly

sustain us in it; as, for instance, Heb. i. 14:—
“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”

In a multitude of instances, from Genesis to Revelation, are angels mentioned as having been ministrants from heaven to the dwellers upon earth. They were devoted attendants upon their divine Master while a sojourner below; angels were at hand to carry Lazarus to Abraham's bosom, and Dives, the lost spirit, retaining amid his own despair an interest in the fate of his five brethren left behind on earth, besought Abraham that he would send the blessed spirit of the former beggar as a ministering angel to them, to warn them by a revelation of his sad doom to escape the place of torment. We are taught to believe, that until the final consummation of things terrestrial, heaven continues in a state of suspense and incompleteness, awaiting the announcement of that mighty angel, who, standing with one foot upon the sea and the other upon the earth, shall swear by him that liveth for ever and ever that time shall be no longer. During this interim, then, why may we not conjecture the avocation of glorified spirits to be one so congenial to their loving nature as watching the constant enfranchisement of happy spirits from this lower sphere, and escorting them with songs of joy to their mutual home? And supposing this to be so, who so likely to take as fond an interest in us as the beloved ones erst of our own

firesides, and yet occupying the deepest place in our affections?

This topic the more deeply interested Hamilton, that his heart still fondly clung to us. He assured mamma, when she alluded with grief to the coming separation, that he would always, if permitted, be with her at night as her guardian angel. His love for every member of the family increased in proportion as life waned, and manifested itself continually in affectionate words and actions. His mother he would scarce suffer out of his sight, reminding her of the time when a little babe he used to nestle in her bosom. He entreated us to pardon, and not remember against him any offences of which he had been guilty; but the dearest favour he begged was that we should ever cherish his memory. A few days before he left us, I was alone in the room with him, when he said to me, with deep emotion, "You will never forget me, will you?" The promise was heartily given, and will easily be kept. He hoped, at the same time, that I would by no means indulge in inconsolable grief after him.

"Sister, you must always remember that the little books and things I have given you have been given from pure *love*, and not for any return." Being forgotten by us was the only thought that oppressed him, and he was gratified by the sincere assurance that his grave in Greenwood would be constantly visited by those he loved. In his album,

his last gift to me, are some verses written by himself, in which he mournfully adverts to the trivial importance attached to the passing away of even the stateliest ones of earth :—

The Death of the Knight.

Not on the blood-stain'd battle-field,
'Mid banners proudly flying,—
Where the clashing steel and the trumpet peal,
Jarring din with the groans of the dying:

But 'neath his time-worn castle's roof;
In the tapestried chamber lying,
Death's fever-fire scorching his blood,
The bold knight lies a-dying.

And the storm howls fearfully without
The pictured windows dim—
While a Capuchin chants, with quivering voice,
A doleful, solemn hymn.

A doleful chant for the passing soul
Of the knight, that is soon to go
To fields of heavenly light above,
Where is neither pain nor wo.

A gurgle—a groan—his spirit has flown—
The knight is but senseless clay,
The hero of a hundred fields
Has parted from earth away.

* * * *

The knight sleeps in his clay-cold tomb,
Within the minster's aisle,
Where escutcheons flap from the gloomy walls
Of the stately antique pile ;—

Yet the summer sun doth kiss the earth,
'Mid many a gentle smile,
And the lark sings aloft his merry notes,
As he soareth to heaven the while.

The flowerets bloom in the meadows gay,—
The cedars tower in pride,—
All nature wears the selfsame look
As the knight had ne'er lived nor died!

One evening, during an alarming fit of coughing and suffocation, he pressed my hand, and with difficulty faltered out,

“Don't be frightened, sister; we will soon be together in that land where there is no more coughing—nor weariness, nor pain, nor fever.”

From the time of his return home, the aspect of the family was entirely changed. A new, a sacred, hushing influence hovered around. We felt that we had for our guest a spirit, a redeemed one, who, his period of probation finished, was about to drop the garment of mortality, and triumphantly wing his flight to the paradise of God. We were like as a party waiting on the banks of a deep mysterious ocean, to witness the launching off in a fragile bark of an idolized friend, bound for a distant coast, of the reported glories of which we espy naught, save the faint roseate reflection that tints the horizon.

One Sabbath, on my father's return home from church, my mother inquired of him what had been the text that morning. He answered her, “The

best in the Bible," telling her to guess what that was.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners?"—Tim. i. 15.

"No!"

Hamilton then promptly repeated the one he thought best:—

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life?"—John iii. 16.

It was really the true one.

His self-examinations were close and unflinching. Every remembered action, word, and thought, even to the veriest trifle, were summoned before the tribunal of a fully-awakened conscience, and impartially judged. The bare possibility of self-deception, or of resting his eternal interests on a false foundation, he so trembled at, that truly he "passed the time of his sojourning here in fear;" but it was that godly fear which soon the transforming touch of the Almighty's sceptre moulded into the "perfect love that casteth out all fear." When counselled to examine deeply and carefully the ground of his hope, he replied, calmly, that his hope was Christ, to whom he prayed continually, and trusted in entirely. He inquired if there was in the Bible such a passage as, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" for this

text his mind took powerful hold on, as a firm, immovable pillar of hope, while weighing himself in the balance of eternity. Nothing short of the fullest illumination from the Scriptures was able to dispel the lingering shadows from his soul.

Some time previous to his departure, Hamilton inquired into the exact nature and tendency of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was illustrated to him that, as bread and wine strengthened and refreshed the body, so, in like manner, did the body and blood of Christ, symbolically received, quicken and invigorate the soul of the believer in him; and, furthermore, that the ceremony of communion was in obedience to his own divine injunction, "Do this in remembrance of me." This convinced him that it was not only his privilege, but also his duty to partake of the sacred ordinance; and when the Rev. Dr. W—— spoke to him on the subject he confessed his desire to receive it, only requesting first a few days for reflection and closer study thereon. On the Sabbath succeeding, I read to him, by his wish, the communion service. He listened attentively to it, and commented on its beauties. The only drawback he felt was that one which governs many others,—a profound sense of his own unworthiness to unite so intimately with the Redeemer. His importunate prayer was for living faith, that faith which might enable him to lean firmly upon the promises of the gospel, and embrace them in cheerful assurance.

And soon his humble petition was granted ; every doubt vanished before the triumphant light of hope, like the parhelion dissolving in the glorious fires of the true sun.

One of the loveliest attributes of Hamilton's Christian character was his childlike humility ; although it may be that he carried it to an extreme, for it often kept him with his mouth laid in the dust, when others, with scarcely one tithe of his experience, would have been voluble in the expression of their feelings. His diffidence, so resembling that of the sweet lowly violet, though it concealed many graces of his brief but sound religious course, perhaps, as it does in its instance, the more enhanced their fragrance. When some kind friends called, as they frequently did—Methodist clergymen, and others—to converse and pray with him, he at first shrunk back timidly, saying that he was not competent to speak with experienced Christians. All his scruples relative to his preparation for receiving the sacrament being removed, on Monday, the 1st of July, it was administered to him by the Rev. Dr. W——. He said that he longed to partake of it, because it would comfort him, and had sent me on the day previous to the church, to solicit the attendance of the clergyman. Another motive also he was influenced by ; the conviction that it was his duty thus to confess Christ openly on earth, that he might,

in return, be confessed by him in *that* day before his Father and the holy angels. Luke xii. 8.

Too weak to kneel, he reclined on the sofa, supported by pillows, while receiving the sacred elements. The expression of his serene pale countenance plainly told that from him earth, with its phantom pursuits, was rapidly fleeing away, and that soon his emancipated young spirit would return unto its rest. This participation in the last Supper of his dying Lord, in the sure and certain hope of being ere long a welcome guest at his table above, was an hour of blessing and solemnity to the dying disciple. Of the Rev. Dr. W——, whose faithful instructions and prayers he truly valued, he spoke in the warmest language of esteem and gratitude, and his visits were anticipated with sincere pleasure.

On Friday, Mrs. ——, one of his oldest and most beloved friends, called to see him for the last time, and Hamilton was exceedingly affected by her sorrow, even to tears. She conversed with him about half an hour, and when she had retired, he remarked that she had spoken to him so beautifully, responding heartily to a wish expressed by one present, that they might meet again in a nobler state of existence. On the same day we supported him up in the bed to have his daguerreotype taken, but it is only a mere shadow of his former self. His form, which had been gracefully proportioned, was worn to such a degree of emaciation, that nearly every

bone was visible. Often did he glance at them, and say with a melancholy smile, "Look at these poor bones!"

He was very solicitous about two brothers residing at a distance, and wished to bequeath to each, as the best parting memento, a few lines of serious admonition. Accordingly, he commenced the task, and finished one short letter without much resting, but with it his strength was exhausted, and he was compelled to defer writing the other until somewhat recruited. A few days after, feeling life to be ebbing rapidly, and that time was precious, he exerted himself to write the second. His slight form was propped up with pillows, whose whiteness scarce rivalled the pallor of his cheek, and the writing materials were held before him, while his feeble hand painfully traced a page and a half. Under less important circumstances it would have been cruel, indeed, to have permitted the dying boy to undertake such trying labour; but the duty he esteemed an imperative one, and to no one else was he willing to depute it. These letters were, of course, strictly confidential, but he intimated that the contents were of a deeply solemn nature. When he had completed the last one, and handed it to me for sealing, he fell back on the pillow, exclaiming, "Now I have done my duty!"

Another friend, a gentleman, whose kindness to him had been constant, he had hoped to write a few

lines of similar import for, but found himself unequal to the task, and left in lieu many messages for him, begging him that he would, without delay, turn from the vanities of this evanescent world, and prepare to meet him in heaven.

Throughout the progress of his disease, "He who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities" had kindly exempted him from those severe and racking pains which afflict many others in consumption; but his sufferings from fever and debility, the former especially, were inexpressible. Nothing could assuage the fire raging through his veins; incessant bathing and applications of ice yielded but momentary relief. From this unslaked agony, arose, perhaps, much of the intense refreshment he experienced from those peculiar passages, scattered throughout the Psalms and Isaiah, where mention is made of water.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters." Psalm xxiii. 2.

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." Psalm xlv. 4.

"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Isa. xii. 3.

"And a man shall be a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Isa. xxxiii. 2.

“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.” Isa. lv. 1.

And that chapter where Christ converses with the woman of Samaria at the well.

These verses were selected out, and often read to him, and he seemed at such times literally to bathe in the pellucid waters of life, and to repose his weary and exhausted frame in the cool, tranquil meads of the true Eden.

The lustre of his hopes shed a halo, a nimbus of brilliance around each of his tastes. Every dispiriting influence was banished from about him, and, that even the remotest appearance of a sick-room might be avoided, his couch was placed in the parlour. Two or three nights previous to his death, while playing for him some of his favourite music, I chanced to touch on a mournful old strain, of which he had formerly been fond for its pathos, Walsal; but he requested me not to play it any more, and to keep to cheerful music only. On Sunday night he asked me to sing “Rock of Ages,” and as I hesitated for a moment in selecting a suitable tune, he, to my surprise, in a half whistle commenced, and went through one new to me, until I had caught it up on the piano-forte. That, with the superb air, Christmas, accompanied by the words he so much loved, “There is a land of pure delight,” and Tallis’s music to “Glory to thee, my God, this night,” were, I believe, the latest earthly

melodies that he desired to hear. And thus, having, like Bunyan's pilgrims, come to the end of his journey, he awaited in peace the arrival of the celestial messenger.

"'Twill soon be o'er, and then, this conflict ceasing,
I shall, through Jesus' strength, the victory gain;
And death shall come, my spirit glad releasing,
And free me from this agony and pain.

"Not this frail body, mouldering into ashes,
Shall longer then detain its mystic guest;
Nor Jordan's stream, whose dark wave deeply washes
The eternal shores, shall fright me from my rest.

"A captive long in this dark vale of sorrow,
I've ask'd of every day the wish'd release:
Yet each day passeth by; and still to-morrow
Must come, ere I can gain the land of peace.

"Haste, then, to-morrow! anxiously I'm waiting
To join the choirs that tune their harps on high
That each to each the Saviour's love relating,
I, too, may swell the notes that ne'er shall die!

"'Tis almost o'er!—and oh, a heavenly vision,
In grandeur opens to my ravish'd sight;
A convoy waits—to attend the quick transition
From this dark world to yonder realms of light.

"They yonder wait—so soon as death shall sever
The immortal spirit from the mortal clay,
They shall conduct where peace and joy for ever
Maintain their mild, uninterrupted sway.

“’Twill soon be o’er—they glad repeat the sentence,
And ready wait to bear my soul on high;
To dwell with God, where sin and sad repentance
Are banished ever, and the pensive sigh.

“They tune their harps, and softly wave their pinions;
I watch their motions with unknown delight,
As oft they point to yonder glad dominions,
And seem my longing spirit to invite.

“Haste! then, stern monster, haste; come, wish’d-for death,
And Jordan’s swelling stream convey me o’er:
’Tis almost done; I faintly gasp for breath;
I die; but ’tis to live for evermore!”

CHAPTER VI.

"I yearn for realms where fancy shall be fill'd, and the ecstasies of freedom shall be felt,

And the soul reign gloriously, risen to its royal destinies:

I look to recognise again, through the beautiful mask of their perfection,

The dear familiar faces I have somewhere loved on earth:

I long to talk with grateful tongue of storms and perils past,

And praise the mighty Pilot that hath steer'd us through the rapids:

He shall be the focus of it all, the very heart of gladness,—

My soul is athirst for God, the God who dwelt in man!"

ON the morning of the ninth, Hamilton's feelings were keenly exercised by a visit from two young artists, his intimate friends and companions in many a former sketching-ramble in the country. One of them had but just returned from a long voyage, and, hearing of his illness, lost no time in calling to see him. When, after a short delay, he was introduced into the room, Hamilton's eyes glistened in welcome, and he strove to converse with him for several minutes, manifesting a warm interest in his welfare. Of the other, who had been with him frequently during his illness, he made a request that he would immediately execute of him, partly from a pencil-drawing which he had, and partly from

memory, a small miniature likeness to leave with me. He was so low that they did not remain long, but left with the promise of soon seeing him again; and then he told mamma that he had been obliged to pray earnestly to God, that he would preserve his heart and thoughts from being disturbed or turned back again to the world through his affection for them, and the remembrance of the many pleasant plans for the future in which they had been mutually interested. This little incident will serve as an example of the clear intelligence in which he viewed his destination as a being of another sphere, and his unwillingness to indulge in a single earthly regret.

It was now nearly two days and nights since he had been able to obtain any sleep, although every means was resorted to to induce it, excepting the use of narcotics, which he refused to employ lest his intellect might be clouded. Sleep was the boon we entreated for the patient sufferer, that his worn-out body might for a while forget its pains in the downy sweets of repose. This morning, after his friends had left him, he became very drowsy, and slumbered with but brief intermissions until near evening. Once, on awaking with a fit of coughing, he expressed much regret in thus wasting so many of his precious moments, adding, in apology, "I am very sleepy, and feel jealous of myself for it, but when I wake I pray."

Mamma quoted the passage, "He giveth his be-

loved sleep;" and told him, that, if the Lord gave his beloved sleep as a token of love, he should gladly avail himself of its benefits.

During a short waking interval about noon of the same day, she embraced the opportunity of putting to him a few leading questions :

"Do you feel that the Lord has pardoned all your sins?"

"Yes."

"Have you laid your soul and all your sin at the foot of the cross?"

"Yes."

"Does the robe of Christ's righteousness, the wedding garment, cover you?"

"Yes."

In his conversations he conveyed infinitely more by his manner than he was able to do in words,—his *eyes* discoursed eloquently.

Towards evening he again became restless, and I tried the old soother—music, singing by his desire several hymns appropriate to the situation of one standing, as it were, on the verge of two worlds, united, yet, oh ! how separate. He passed another wakeful night, in which the tormenting fever consumed its last fuel, and the hollow death-knell smote the ear at longer intervals. The next morning, although his hands and feet began to grow chilly, and swelled considerably, yet our apprehensions were not aroused that the end was so nigh at hand.

The oppression in his breathing, too, became so extremely troublesome that he could obtain scarcely any quiet, and it cost him much exertion to swallow a little bread and wine which we persuaded him to take, as he had had no nourishment for many hours. At noon, to his and our gratification, the Rev. Dr. W—— called, and had a long and unreserved interview with him of a very satisfactory nature. On being asked, after quitting the room, his opinion of Hamilton's preparedness for the great change, the Dr. expressed his conviction that the dear boy's soul was fully sanctified and meet for the heavenly inheritance, to which he was most desirous to depart; and that he had indeed become like unto a little child—the little child of the gospel—having brought his talents and acquirements, and laid them down humbly and trustfully at the Redeemer's feet. Thus assured of his firm anchorage on the Rock of Ages, what remaining prayer might we breathe for him, but an easy and gentle falling asleep—Euthanasia!

In the afternoon his restlessness increased, and after vainly endeavouring to find rest in a recumbent posture, we pillowed him up in an easy-chair, with the hope that he might be enabled to respire with less difficulty; but there he could only remain a few moments, and we removed him back to bed. He had not long lain down, when sensations strange and unusual coming over him, he desired that we would instantly send for the physician, who had

barely entered the room, when Hamilton was convulsed with an agonizing paroxysm of pain, caused by a rush of blood from the extremities to the lungs.

Immediate efforts were made to alleviate his sufferings, and with so much of success, that the intenser severity of them was happily soon over; but it was nature's last great struggle, the cold hand of death was on his heart-strings. For fear of another such spasm, he now, for the first time, consented to take a few drops of morphine to quiet his nerves. Through all his pain, he lost not his calm sweet look, or manner of speaking, or uttered a single murmur, although the cold perspiration streaming from his brow, and the quivering all over of his feeble frame, told but too plainly how acute had been his anguish. Only a brief interval elapsed from the departure of the doctor, when he turned himself about uneasily on the pillow, and observed to mamma, "I believe I am dying!"

She said, "But you are not afraid to die, dear, are you?"

"Oh, no," he answered.

A friend whom he had wished us to send for now entered the room, and without an introductory word of greeting, congratulated him that he would so soon be at rest.

"Yes," he replied with a smile, "I will soon be at rest."

I regret my inability to portray adequately his

dying hours. Death, no matter how long looked for, strikes unexpectedly in the end; and in the agitation and hurry of the occasion, so many things escaped my memory and notice that what I here mention is but a limited sketch.

The family silently assembled in the room with also two or three friends, and as an instance of his kindness of heart and composure in such a moment, he, observing one of them to be exposed to a current of air, said to me, "Tell I. H. to move away, he is sitting in the draught, and will take cold."

He himself was more collected than any one of us, for we sat sad and silent until he aroused us by asking, "What are you all so silent for? why don't you say something?"

Mamma sat at his head. With a bright, animated look he said, "Mamma, kiss me. I have a blessed hope. I tell you this because I know it will make you happy!"

"Of everlasting life, dear?"

"Yes."

Soon after, with energy, he exclaimed, "Christ is with me! Christ is with me!"

For a short time he lay still, with his lips moving, and then, his eyes glistening with delight, he observed, "If I were able to speak, I could tell you all a great deal."

"You could tell us glorious things?"

"Yes."

One beside him whispered that he would soon be released, as the signs of dissolution were becoming very plain. He overheard her, and said, "Oh! I will be so rejoiced—so rejoiced to get off!"

That beautiful verse of the twenty-third Psalm, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me," he constantly referred to, saying, "*He* is with me now, *he* is with me now."

Truly astonishing was it to behold one who had been in no common degree, "through fear of death, all his lifetime subject to bondage," thus throwing aside every fear, joyfully inviting the approach of the last foe, and coming off more than conqueror through the might of Him that loved him. On account of his difficulty of respiration, which had become painfully loud and laborious, and the prostration caused by the disease, much demonstration had not been anticipated by us from his parting moments. But he was graciously permitted to add his testimony to that of the ransomed myriads who had preceded him, and to throw a ray of light over the dark hour of mortality for the consolation of his survivors.

He motioned to his brother to come near that he might speak to him, and affectionately placing his arms around his neck, as he bent down, whispered earnestly to him for several seconds. About midnight, as I sat beside his pillow holding a bottle of

ether to his mouth and nose, he, with a strong effort, raised himself in the bed, clasped his arms, cold and moist, closely around me, and kissing me, whispered with tenderest emotion, "Sweet sister, I will come after you; I will be with you always, if I am permitted!"

The fulfilment of this promise is a hope cherished indeed by me, and I can sometimes in imagination see the glancing of snowy pinions, and catch the gaze of his immortal eyes. He was truly my beloved companion.

He then kissed papa and said some affectionate words to him, then mamma, and afterward beckoning to him two young ladies who kindly remained with him until the end, he desired them to kiss him, inquiring if they loved him, and charging them both to be sure and meet him in heaven. And, unquestionably, the delight of meeting our friends in heaven will be only secondary to that of finding ourselves there..

These partings over—for farewells they were not, but like the temporary adieus of one who was simply removing from an old residence into a new one much superior, and to which he expected his friends to soon follow him—he seemed to have done with earth.

"Glory be to thee, O blessed Saviour! glory be to thee, O blessed Saviour!" he exclaimed, his hands clasped together, his eyes lit with supernatural brilliance, and such a smile glowing upon his

countenance as I had never, never before witnessed. As he lay in this joyful attitude, as if hearkening the preluding of the golden harps that were to welcome him on entering his home, or to the rustle of the pinions of waiting angels, it transcended the art of any painter whatever to catch a just semblance of his unearthly expression. The only change I can fancy in his spiritualized form is the addition of wings, and a robe of pure white floating around him, for that seraphic look belonged not to mere mortal; it plainly spoke the triumphant language, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Since the death of our brother Washington, it had been my desire to send a message to him by some departing Christian, and I had intimated as much to Hamilton a few days before. I now privately whispered to him not to forget to say to Washington that which I wished him to know.

"No, what shall I say to him?"

When he was told, he added, "And what of I——?" This question was startling; poor I—— had been hurried from life while absent from his home, never to be seen again by us until that day when the *sea* shall give up its dead; and of the state of his mind in the moment of death much uncertainty prevailed. This unexpected allusion to him, therefore, was a pleasure, because it seemed to imply an expectation of meeting him; and the dying, it is said, see a great distance.

A new distress had come upon Hamilton, an obstruction in swallowing, although his thirst continued unabated. Two or three times he attempted to drink a little, but the cough almost threatened suffocation, and we were obliged to restrict our offices of relief to moistening his parched lips and mouth. In this exigency, one expression he made use of was exquisitely pathetic, "I am thirsty, and the waters of life will be so sweet."

With deep fervour of manner, he said, "He will never leave me nor forsake me; no, he never has, and never will,—no, never:" and thus went on to express his gratitude to God for that he had never deserted him through all the scenes of his life. A slight cloud may have passed over his mind, for he asked me, "Is this the valley?" and shortly after, murmuring in mournful tones some words about gathering shadows, he laid his face close to mine, and said earnestly, "Say something to me; tell me something to comfort me."

It indeed was the time when he required comfort, for his path now lay through the midst of that river of depth unfathomed,—the same river which so nearly overwhelmed even Bunyan's stout-hearted Pilgrim. Every encouraging text of Scripture we could call to mind was repeated to him, and the more cheering hymns, particularly the unsurpassed 143d—"Jesus; Saviour of my soul," and this fine verse of the 160th, by Lord Glenelg:—

“And oh! when I have safely pass’d
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death,—for *thou* hast died.
Then point to scenes of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.”

Gradually, the shadows that dimmed his spiritual horizon cleared away, and confidence resumed its sway. He listened with soul intent to the solemn petition, and when asked, “Does the valley begin to look bright? do you see the light from the temple of the New Jerusalem?” he answered in the affirmative several times. And again, when he had been apparently communing with himself, he said, looking around on us, “There can be no doubt.”

Deeming it not inappropriate even to the sacredness of a death-bed, I ventured to remind him of that stanza of Longfellow’s:—

“Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloom’d on earth.”

And also of the fourth picture of Cole’s “Voyage of Life.” This is the impressive scene where the poor repentant wanderer, aged, tempest-tossed, and rudderless, has at length, by the secret guidance of his early-repulsed but ever-faithful guardian-angel, been drifted in safety to the end of his arduous journey, and now lies passive on the bosom of the dim

and boundless ocean of eternity. In safety, indeed, has he arrived, but, even like one of St. Paul's wrecked co-voyagers, on only a shattered fragment of his once gallant vessel. Above, beneath, around him, all the vast region of space is shrouded in impenetrable, sullen gloom, save one spot in the opening firmament, where, enveloped in a flood of dazzling effulgence, a group of white-robed angels is awaiting the emancipation of the old man's spirit.

"Yes, beautiful, beautiful!"

About two o'clock, he asked, "When will it be day? I have prayed to die at daybreak."

He was told that day would begin to dawn at four o'clock. Calling his brother to him, he desired him to feel his pulse, and note its fluctuations; and when he was informed that it was then little more than perceptible in his icy hand and arm, he expressed lively pleasure, and inquired whether the cold must extend to his heart ere it could cease to beat. W. H—— said that such need not necessarily be the case, as the cessation of the pulse would of itself be sufficient evidence of the last ebb of life.

While we contemplated the expansive marble brow, with its delicate violet veins, from which the death-dews were streaming, the sparkling blue eyes raised, and the white, quivering lips praising and rejoicing in the prospect of approaching blessedness, I am sure that each one present breathed in the inmost soul the prayer, "May *my* last hour of mortal

life be sustained and comforted by like unfaltering trust and hope."

All the night through, he continued to address us by the pet soubriquets which he had been accustomed to use, and would ever be turning his eyes upon us with looks of tenderness. He was all love.

He inquired of me, with the philosophical composure of a person making an experiment of science on a foreign subject, if I discerned signs of immediate dissolution in him, and what they were.

"Since yesterday morning, your breathing has been like death; your pulse has nearly ceased; your eyes are sunken; your hands and feet are swollen; and your breath is very cold."

At the mention of each symptom, his eyes glistened, and lifting his now almost powerless hands, he exclaimed, "Oh, I rejoice!"

He asked if there was any thing else.

"Yes; your nails are now turning blue;" and afterward it was very affecting to see him continually examining his nails, in hope that the discoloration was extending.

Referring to a former conversation regarding the presence of angels in a dying chamber, I asked him in a low voice if he saw any thing yet; if any angels were come for him?

"No!" he replied, in the same manner, "not yet—it is too soon."

"When you are just going, will you give me a signal?"

"Yes."

I inquired what messages he wished to leave for W—— and I——, as a word from him then might be of inestimable importance to them.

"Tell them the same I told ——," (to be sure and prepare to meet him in heaven;) here his voice faltered. "I am not able to speak. I have not had time to speak seriously to W——, but you know what to say to him. Tell him,—tell him *most earnestly*, to give up *Universalism*!" The remaining words died away inaudibly on his lips.

It would be utterly impossible to convey, in writing, any idea of the force and earnestness with which this dying charge was given for his friend, so truly did he dread the pernicious effects of this plausible theory;—a theory which had for its *first* preacher the tempter in paradise, when, in soft insinuating accents, he breathed in the ear of our mother Eve his key-stone text, "Thou shalt not *surely* die."

Hamilton's eyes were constantly directed to the windows with a wistful gaze, waiting for the earliest tint of daylight, which he prayed might bring the longed-for signal of release. He kept papa on the one side of him and W. H—— on the other, to announce the hour, and note the pulsations in his wrist. At last the approach of day was visible, and at the welcome

tidings he requested that all the blinds should be thrown wide open that he himself might watch it. Some one suggesting that perhaps he wished this done because the light was fading from his eyes, he turned quickly to mamma and asked her if his eyes looked dim, and tried the sight by first looking at me, and then at an object more distant. She replied that she thought a film was gathering over them, and, although he found no change as yet himself, this called forth fresh expressions of delight. The words of the angel to wrestling Jacob, "Let me go, for the day breaketh," were adapted to him, and may have been in his mind, his eagerness to depart was so irrestrainable.

Sometimes he suffered much, and once said, "I wish he would take me,—I am so weary,—this is painful;" although when we sympathized with him on one occasion, he assured us in terms of gratitude, "I suffer nothing to what others do." On the simple word—word most softly musical to the ear of the weary—rest, he dwelt with pleasure, repeating it after one who observed that the weariness and distress of dying would soon be over, and then there would be time for sweet rest in heaven; "Yes, rest, rest!"

Meanwhile morning slowly dawned. One by one the stars faded from sight, shrouded in the cold gray shadows stealing across their silvery faces, until, as by a sudden impetus, Sol, in all the pomp of a con-

queror, burst open the gates of the East, and scattering the last loitering mists before him, rolled majestically upward on his burnished pathway from the glowing horizon to awaken with his genial rays all nature to glad orisons.

At half-past six o'clock, Hamilton appeared to rally a little, which evidently disappointed him; for a patient *endurance* of the will of God is often a far more difficult task than the most arduous *working* of it; but he endeavoured to calmly abide the unerring will.

Frequently he would ask in tones of solicitude, "Do you think it will be long now? do you think I will go soon?"

He now called for a drink, and to our surprise, swallowed it without any trouble; his breathing was also sensibly relieved, and the cough had entirely ceased some time previous. In the hope of rendering him the best of consolation, I asked him if he would like me to read to him, and chose those passages most applicable to one so nearly through the cold flood of Jordan:—

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the

throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." Rev. vii. 15, 16, 17.* I also read the last two chapters of the same book, so unspeakably glorious. Never can be forgotten the intense, rapt look he riveted on me as he listened to the inspiring description of that happy, happy country to which his emancipated spirit was about mounting; and how beautiful was it to enter heaven amid the undulations of such sweet music.

"And the spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. xxii. 17.

It was one of Hamilton's most signal mercies, that from the commencement to the very end of his sickness, he had never suffered one moment from delirium or stupor; and for these exemptions, as well as for the time granted him for preparation, he was unfeignedly thankful to God. Just before I read to him, he had desired that two servants should be called into the room to bid him farewell. When they came, he said to each in turn, "Kiss me,

* In a letter to his father, poor Burns writes thus: "I am more pleased with the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth verses of the seventh chapter of Revelation, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me, for all that this world has to offer."

good-bye—I am going to leave you—do not forget me !”

From the time day dawned, his faith underwent that trial “more precious than silver and gold,” in the question why the Lord suffered him to remain so long helpless in the arms of death, when he seemed so ready to depart. It was hard to know what to say to comfort him, but it was suggested that perhaps the Almighty saw yet some taint of earth remaining in him, of which he must be purified ere he could attain a perfect fitness for heaven ; or that, as the earthly house of his tabernacle must be dissolved, the Redeemer in tender compassionate mercy chose rather to let it down by gentle degrees than by more painful speed. With these views he appeared to be satisfied.

There was reason to judge that he might survive the day through ; but he shrank so from the idea, that at half-past seven we sent by his urgent request for the doctor, who resided in the neighbourhood, hoping that he would be able to determine how much longer life would hold out. But just as he was entering the door, Hamilton exclaimed, hurriedly, “*Now* I am dying ! I am dying now !” and turning to me, “My eyes are getting dim,—now I can’t see you,—now it is dark—*dark* !” and immediately that change passed over his countenance which only one fearful touch can make ; then it was, for the first time, that we fully realized that he was indeed dying.

For his sake we strove hard to preserve calmness, for how could we with selfish lamentation mar his excelling bliss?

After his eyes became fixed, I saw his lips move, and remembered the signal which he had promised me. Bending down my ear to his mouth, I caught the words, "He is with me *now*!" or, "They are with me *now*!"—his lips trembled so, I could not be certain which.

"The good Shepherd, darling?"

"Yes:" accompanied by a smile eloquent of delight.

It struck me on reflection, that his words may have had reference to the question asked him in the night, as to whether angels were near him.

I spoke to him once more, but he gave no token of recognition. Voices and music celestial drowned the sounds of earth, and the light that never fades was dawning upon him; his next word was uttered in that holy language which none may ever know save those who shall be so happy as to pass "through the gates into the city."

I think he heard the whispered commendation, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

A few more flutterings of the pulse—a few more breathings, slower and lower—and without a struggle or groan the star of our household had fled from the land of sin and sorrow, and become a citizen of the New Jerusalem, a resident of that blessed coun-

try where "the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick."

The longed-for haven was gained, the last sigh hushed, and the labouring bosom was for ever at rest. His exit was like the vanishing of the morning-star, absorbed in the superior glories of the king of day.

"So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore."

In Greenwood Cemetery, surrounded by the united poetry of nature and of art, we laid his mortal part to peaceful slumber, "Earth to earth,—ashes to ashes,—dust to dust, looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his own glorious body."

In *that* day, when, awakened by the trump of the archangel summoning the quick and the dead to judgment, we spring forth from our beds of dust, may we all be partakers in his happy lot. Until then, beloved one, adieu!

The following beautiful lines were written on the occasion of his death, by Miss ALICE CAREY.

SOFTLY sleeps he—pain and sorrow
Burn no longer on his brow :
Wearied watchers, ye may leave him—
He will never need you now !

While the mild spring bloom'd and faded,
While young summer dawn'd and pass'd,
Calmly, patiently he waited—
Rest has come to him at last:

Never hath the light of pictures,
In the chambers of his art,
Kept wild passions' battling armies
Half so softly from his heart.

Therefore, think not, ye that loved him,
Of the pallor, hush'd and dread,
Where the winds, like heavy mourners,
Cry about his lonesome bed;—

But of white arms reaching toward him,
As the shadow o'er him fell,
Downward from the golden bastion
Of the eternal citadel.

To the Beloved Memory of Hamilton
A. C. Browne,

BY MRS. BALMANNO.

Too early lost for us, but not for thee,
Young aspirant for immortality !
Who now, amidst the spheres in light and joy,
Wonderest how earth could e'er thy thoughts employ.

Recall'd to God, e'er yet the shades of sin
Had dimm'd the spirit pure that reign'd within,
'Twas thine, with holy hope, and steadfast eye
Radiant with faith, triumphantly to die.

To soar with wing assured thy heavenly flight,
To that fair realm where God himself is light ;
Where sorrow comes not, death no more holds sway,
And souls redeem'd pursue their glorious way ;—

Rejoicing in the sense of deathless power,
That dreads no future wo, no evil hour,
With intellect sublimed, and knowledge high,
To grasp the wonders of eternity ;—

Adoring in his works the Lord of all,
The great Jehovah, at whose mighty call,
Exulting rise, from bondage of the grave,
The fallen race whom Jesus died to save.

Oh ! when at last the dawn of worlds divine
Upon our dying eyes shall faintly shine,
Mayst thou, with the beloved ones gone before,
Be first to greet us on the heavenly shore.

Essay on Sculpture and Painting.

BY HAMILTON A. C. BROWNE.



SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

BY HAMILTON A. C. BROWNE.

From "The Iris," for 1851.

"PAINTING," says Lavater, "is the most manly, noble, and useful of all the arts." Love first discovered this heavenly art, and from love, the great inspiring power, proceeds its sweetest witchery. Painting may be said to speak a universal language, and for this reason it was employed by various early nations long before the art of writing was discovered, or even dreamed of; as witness, for instance, the expressive hieroglyphics of Egypt. Cortez, when he invaded Mexico, found its palaces filled with works of art. "There were painters' colours as numerous as can be found in Spain, and as fine shades;" and the whole of Central America is full of these mementos of the past ages, many of them displaying no small skill and genius. Captain Cook, when he discovered and explored the Sandwich Islands, found carved

work among the natives, of which he testified his admiration.

These arts may be said to speak a universal language, insomuch that the most unsophisticated savages are able to interpret their meanings with but little hesitation. Major Denham, the traveller, on showing Captain Lyon's book of travels to Boo Khaloom, the commander of a troop of Arabs, who had accompanied Lyon in his researches into the interior of Africa, was astonished with the demi-savage's quick appreciation of the pictorial illustrations contained therein : it seemed to imply that the subject was not altogether a new one to him. He turned over the plates with a knowing air, and insisted that he knew all the faces. "*This* was such-a-one's slave; *that* was his own : he was right, he knew it. Praised be God for the talents he gave the English ! they were clever, very clever."

The skill of a true artist touches the inmost soul of the beholder, and a just representation of the passions exceeds far the force of the mightiest eloquence. It is

"A lucid mirror, in which nature sees
All her reflected brightness."

Alexander the Great grew pale before a picture of Salamedes betrayed to death by his friends, because it brought in terrible and remorseful distinct-

ness before his mind his own similar treatment of Aristonicus. Cicero incited the younger Brutus to join in the conspiracy to shake off the tyranny of Cæsar, by showing to him the portraits of his illustrious ancestors in the gallery of Atticus.

Portia, although enduring with firmness her separation from her beloved Brutus, yet fainted on beholding a picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache; and to cite a single example in modern times, that anomaly of human nature, Oliver Cromwell, shuddered with horror as he contemplated the portrait of his victim, the murdered Charles.

There is a touching story related, by the Abbe de Lisle, of an Arab, who, amid the splendours of a European city, burst into tears at the sight of a landscape on which was depicted a solitary palm-tree; he seemed for the moment to be transported to "that first garden of his innocence"—his native land: it brought before him, as in arras-work, all the sweet passages of his infancy, childhood, and youth:

"His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore;—
All through his wakening bosom swept;
He clasped his country's tree—and wept."

The musician expresses the emotions and inspirations of his soul by sounds, the poet by words, but

the painter speaks by action. The influences of the pencil and chisel are so extensive and wonderful that they have been not only the delight of the *virtuosi* of all ages, but have arrested and enchained the admiration of the universal world; and in countries where the sublime and beautiful are understood and appreciated, artists are cherished with love and esteem. An emperor deemed it not unmeet to his dignity to pick up Titian's pencil; and Francis I., while supporting the dead Leonardo da Vinci in his arms, replied to the cold sympathy and jealous expostulations of his nobles at his condescension, with that memorable sentence, "I can make a hundred of such as *you*, but God Almighty alone can make a Da Vinci." In ages of antiquity, the arts of painting and sculpture were held in such high veneration, that to erect a statue, or paint a portrait of any individual, was esteemed the highest honour which could be conferred upon him; in fact, it was a triumph which only the greatest and wisest could hope to achieve. A practice of the fine arts was considered very honourable among the ancients, and one of the greatest practical compliments paid them was, that many of the worst characters made a show of studying them, in order to be thought wise and good. Socrates, in his old age, began the study of sculpture, and gave it as his opinion that artists were the only really wise men. Plato practised

painting; and Aristotle was a great patron of the fine arts, as well as his friend Alexander the philosopher, who ordered in his will that statues should be erected to his friends and relatives.

Alexander the Great, on seeing the works of the famous painter Apelles, was so charmed with their beauty and noble bearing that he commanded the Macedonian nobility not to be content with a mere inactive admiration of this divine art, but zealously to study it themselves.

Sculpture has been styled by an eminent writer "*frozen music*," a most apt and beautiful, as well as truthful definition. Gem sculpture was a branch of the arts much patronised by the ancients; and many beautiful and elaborate specimens are still extant. Julius Cæsar and Cicero were indefatigable collectors of them; Pompey esteemed them as the most precious of all his treasures; and the tyrant Heliogabalus is said to have carried his passion for them to such a ridiculous pitch that he wore them on his shoes and stockings. To display them on their persons was a badge of aristocracy and rank among the Romans, as their extreme costliness placed them beyond the reach of the plebeians.

An invaluable power possessed by the arts of design, is that of transmitting to posterity characters worthy of the greatest exaltation, and also those whose memories are loaded with the blackest execra-

tion. Michael Angelo and Da Vinci may be cited as instances of the power which the satirical pencil swayed over the follies and vices of evil men. The former introduced in his celebrated picture of the Last Judgment, in the person of one of the damned spirits, the portrait of a certain cardinal, his bitter enemy; and Da Vinci revenged himself of a thousand injuries and insults on the detested abbot of the Conservatorio, by slyly putting *his* head on the shoulders of the traitor Judas, in that mighty work, the Last Supper.

The arts of design are supposed by the ignorant and soulless multitude to have for their aim no higher purpose than the mere gratification of the eye. Even a dean of Westminster, some time since, declared, at a public meeting in London, that a pin-maker was a more valuable member of society than Michael Angelo or Raffaele! Such was the verdict of a confined and grovelling mind, whose thoughts had never extended beyond his own narrow sphere—a judgment more deserving of pity than anger. Is man to have no higher object in view than that of tamely *enduring* existence? Then why—*why* was he endowed with aspirations and capabilities which rank him with angels?

No; commerce is only the *mean*, not the true essence of life. “Whoever,” says Jacobi, “helps to promote a taste for quiet domestic amusement, con-

tributes to the happiness of his fellow-creatures." The first academy of painters that was ever instituted was that of Florence; their motto was, "*To raise the spirit, mind, from earth to heaven.*" And this is the aim of the true artist, who therefore deserves to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind. When Sir Godfrey Kneller was reproached by some vulgar persons for what they judged his too great admiration of painting, he finely answered, "When I paint, I consider it as one way at least of offering my devotions to my Maker, by exercising the talent his goodness has graciously blessed me with."

Notwithstanding all declarations to the contrary, a love of the fine arts is inherent in man, if he only suffer his inner life fully to develop. It is this, and *only* this love that distinguishes him from the brute that perisheth. "The arts," says Flaxman, "arrest Time himself in his course, and deliver from his destructive progress the heroes of antiquity, the chorus of Helicon, the synod of Olympus, and the theologies of the East. They make intimates of antiquity and posterity, and set before the naturalist the several orders of creation." By their aid the geographer is made acquainted with lands and men, the idea of which only before existed in his imagination. A drawing will explain at once the most complicated machinery to a person, which it would be

impossible to perfectly describe by words. Agostino Carracci was one day lecturing to the students of the Roman Academy on the beauties of the Laocoon, when Annibale approached, and taking up a pencil, drew the wonderful group, saying at the same time, "Poets paint with words, but painters with their pencils!" "The imperial Akbar," says Forbes, in his oriental memoirs, "employed artists to make portraits of all the principal officers and omrahs in his court; they were bound together in a thick volume, wherein, as the Ayeen Akbery, or the institutes of Akbar express it, the *past* are kept in lively remembrance, and the present are insured immortality."

Leigh Hunt, in one of his essays, tells a story of a Catholic money-broker, who, when about to cheat any person, drew a curtain over the portrait of his patron saint, imagining that by so doing he would escape her scrutiny; and, though the influence of his beloved saint thus too often melted away before his favourite vice, yet was the picture of service, inasmuch as the companionship of any thing better than ourselves must necessarily do us good. "There was a bit of heaven in the room—a sunbeam to shine into a corner of his heart—however he may have shut the window against it when heaven was not to look on." It was by contemplating the portrait of Petrarch that Leonard Aretin, when in prison,

formed the resolution of performing something worthy of having his name also handed down to immortality.

It was once said by a distinguished man, of the portrait of a beautiful lady, that it would be utterly impossible to perform a mean action in her presence, and that a person might grow better, both in heart and mind, by frequently viewing it. And what a glorious companion is a picture! Who could not for hours contemplate Michael Angelo's Patriarchs? *Hush!* they sleep!—but soon will they awake and prophesy, and tell us of conversations held with Jehovah. Or Raphael's holy Apostles, whose burning words of inspiration strike fire from our flinty hearts; hold sweet communion with Guido's pure-eyed virgins, or stand awed by the dignified presence of Titian, Vandyke, or Reynolds's stately senators or statesmen. We may feel the fresh wind blowing over our faces while we gaze upon the landscapes of Claude, Wilson, or Hobbima; and the sight of a woodland scene, or a flowing rivulet, by any one of these masters, makes the pale student, in "populous city pent," feel restlessly miserable, and sigh like the fox in the fable for the grapes which are beyond his reach. With fascinated horror we are bound to one of the tremendous shipwrecks of the terrific storm painter, *Il Tempesta*, of whom, says Lanzi, "Petro Mulier's compositions inspire a real horror,

presenting to our eyes death-devoted ships overtaken by tempests and darkness, fired by lightning, now rising on the mountain wave, and again submerged in the abyss of ocean. During an imprisonment of five years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in his dungeon were marked by additional power and gloom." In the language of Mrs. Hemans, *Il Tempesta* speaks :

Within me dwells a flame,
An eagle caged and tame,
Till call'd forth by the harping of the blast;
Then is its triumph's hour,
It springs to sudden power,
As mounts the billow o'er the quivering mast.
Then, then, the canvas o'er,
With hurried hand, I pour
The lava-waves and gusts of my own soul !
Kindling to fiery life,
Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife ;—
Wake, rushing winds, awake ! and dark clouds roll !"

With holden breath we watch the fearful leaps of the ponderous vessel, as she alternately rises and sinks with the boiling surge ; in imagination we hear the despairing shrieks of her crew as they cry for help ; but, alas ! 'tis vain, for she strikes upon the fatal rock,—her timbers shiver, a final groan, and, amid the malignant jeers of the furies of the storm, she plunges deeper, and yet deeper, and now she is gone for ever !

“I cannot express to you,” said an eminent statesman to Dr. Johnson, as he stood in the midst of his magnificent gallery of paintings, “I cannot express my feelings of tranquillity, of restoration, with which, in an interval of harrassing official business, I look around me here.” And while he spoke in the slow, quiet tones of a weary man, he turned his eyes on a forest-scene of Ruysdael’s, and gazed on it for a minute or two in silence. “A silence,” says Dr. Johnson, “I was careful not to break; as if its cool, dewy verdure, its deep seclusions, its transparent waters, stealing through the glade, had sent refreshment to his weary soul.”

“The sounding cataract
Haunted him like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood;
Their colours, and their forms were then to him
An appetite, a feeling, and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrow’d from the eye.”

What associations cluster around the old family picture! that ponderous work of art, which, in our childish days, so enraptured our unsophisticated imagination. As we gaze upon it, memory marshals before us many endeared forms now passed away, and scenes and incidents gone into oblivion. Manhood vanishes, childhood with its smiles and tears is with us again, the same soft bloom is on the flowers,

and the world is to us, once more, naught but a wilderness of roses. These reflections come upon us

“ ——— like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.”

If there be a family destitute of these household gods, deeply do we pity them. We grant it, that many of such family pictures are *daubs*, ay, veritable daubs, but still are they none the less dear; our memories cling to them with reverential fondness; they are our heart's first loves. We are proud of the martial air of bold Sir Peter, the founder of our house and name, who stares down upon us in all the glory of what were once bright gold epaulettes, and of a gallant three-cocked hat; and are lost in admiration of the goodly bearing of his dame, our ancestress, who, in her laced stomacher and elaborately-embroidered ruffles, assumes a hauteur right admirable to behold. And as to the stern old judge, our great uncle, who flourishes in the glory of a flowing wig, much do we pity the luckless culprit doomed to writhe beneath the glare of those inexorable optics. But besides these imposing personages there are not wanting comely youths, and fair, blushing maidens to fill a space in the family gallery.

“A life spent among pictures,” thus writes Haz-

litt, "in the study and the love of art, is a happy, noiseless dream, or rather, it is to dream and to be awake at the same time; for it has all the sober certainty of waking bliss, with the romantic voluptuousness of a visionary and abstracted being. They are the bright consummate essences of things. Of the poet it has been said,

"He murmurs by the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

So in like manner does the painter beautify nature. Zeuxis, when he painted his famous picture of Helen, had five females, from whose individual charms he drew the utmost perfection of beauty. Maximus Tyrius says that "The image which is taken by a painter from several bodies produces a beauty which it is impossible to find in any single body, approaching to the perfection of the fairest statues." Plato, in his *Timæus*, gives it as his opinion, that "If you take a man as he is made by nature, and compare him with another who is the effect of art, the work of nature will always appear the less beautiful, because art is more accurate than nature." Since the fall of man, it is natural to presume that but few possess the beauty and perfect proportions which must have graced the first pair.

Nothing escapes the eye of the artist; he sees

beauty in every object. A moss-covered stone, a group of cattle grazing, or a cluster of trees, arrest his attention, and occupy a place in his sketch-book. "How many things do painters see which are not seen by us!" says Cicero. The world itself is one great gallery of pictures, executed by the Master Hand of the universe; ever and anon diversified by the mists of the morning, the glory of the noonday, and the mellowed, softly-blending tints of the setting sun. A familiar saw runs thus:—

"All the world is a stage, and the people are actors."

But it would be better modified thus:—

"All the world is a great landscape, and the inhabitants are portraits."

We are charmed by the delicious beauties of an Italian landscape, delighted by the tender tranquillity of a bit of quiet English scenery, lost in amazement at a view of the mighty deep, and awed by the sullen and melancholy sublimity of the vast ruins of Egypt and Greece. The sun rises not upon a spot so desolate but that it affords ample food to a sensitive mind for meditation, and thanksgiving for the works of the Almighty Artist.

"Not a flower

But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his majestic pencil."

"Pictures are scattered like stray gifts through-

out the world, and, while they remain, earth has yet a little gilding left, not quite rubbed off, dishonoured, or defaced." It is the observation of a distinguished essayist, that there is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know. That this is true, may be inferred from the testimonies of numerous artists. Opie, when asked by Walcott how he liked painting, answered, "I love it better than bread and meat;" and Barry, in one of his letters from Rome, thus writes: "Oh, I could be happy, on my going home, to find some corner where I could sit down in the midst of my studies, books, and casts after the antique, to paint this work and others, where I might have models of nature when necessary, bread and soup, and a coat to cover me." The three Caracci even at their meals had pencil and paper ever ready, that they might instantly sketch any thing which occurred to their imaginations. *Onward!* Michael Angelo, when extremely old, designed a picture of an aged man sitting in a go-cart with an hour-glass, having for its device this inscription, "YET I AM LEARNING." The same passionate love of his art remained with this wonderful man to the close of life. After that he was struck with blindness, he ordered his attendants to bear him to the gallery of Lorenzo de Medici, that he might *feel* with his hands, when he might no longer see those immortal works of art, the antique statues.

"I have often admired," writes De Morville, "the love Nicholas Poussin had for his art. Old as he was, I frequently saw him among the ruins of ancient Rome, out in the Campagna, or along the banks of the Tiber, sketching a scene that had pleased him; and I often met him with his handkerchief full of stones, moss, or flowers, which he carried home that he might copy them exactly from nature."

"And his old age was beautiful and free."

A truthful copying of nature should be the painter's principal aim. Zeuxis, who flourished about four hundred years before the birth of our Saviour, by making nature his incessant study, brought the art of painting, then in its infancy, to great perfection. Among other things, he painted a bunch of grapes so exact that the birds came and pecked them. And afterward, having painted another bunch of grapes, with the addition of a boy holding them, which the birds also flew to and pecked, he was provoked; confessing that his work was not complete, insomuch that if he had drawn the boy as well as he had done the grapes, the birds would have been afraid of him. The same artist having disputed with Parrhasius, a rival, as to which was the better painter, Parrhasius painted a curtain so ingeniously that Zeuxis, taking it for a real one,

which concealed his antagonist's work, desired it might be drawn; but, coming to know his mistake, he acknowledged himself outdone, since he had deceived none but birds, while Parrhasius had deceived even the master of the art himself. This same Zeuxis had a pleasant share of self-appreciation, for he often gave away his pictures, because, he said, it was impossible to set a high enough value upon them. He amassed a large fortune by his art, as also many others of the painters of old did, while poor poets were but scantily rewarded for their pains.

“Apelles' art an Alexander found,
And Raffaele did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.”

Apelles also excelled in the representation of nature. He painted an equestrian picture of the hero of Macedon, of which that monarch expressed disapprobation. At that moment, a horse passing by neighed at the horse in the picture, on which Apelles exclaimed, “One would imagine the *horse* to be a better judge of painting than your majesty.”

“Why should such characters ever die? It seems hard on them and us. Care fixes no sting in their hearts, and their persons present no mark to the foeman. Death in them seizes on living

shadows; they scarce consume vital air; their gross functions have been long at an end. They live but to paint."

"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale,
Their infinite variety."

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